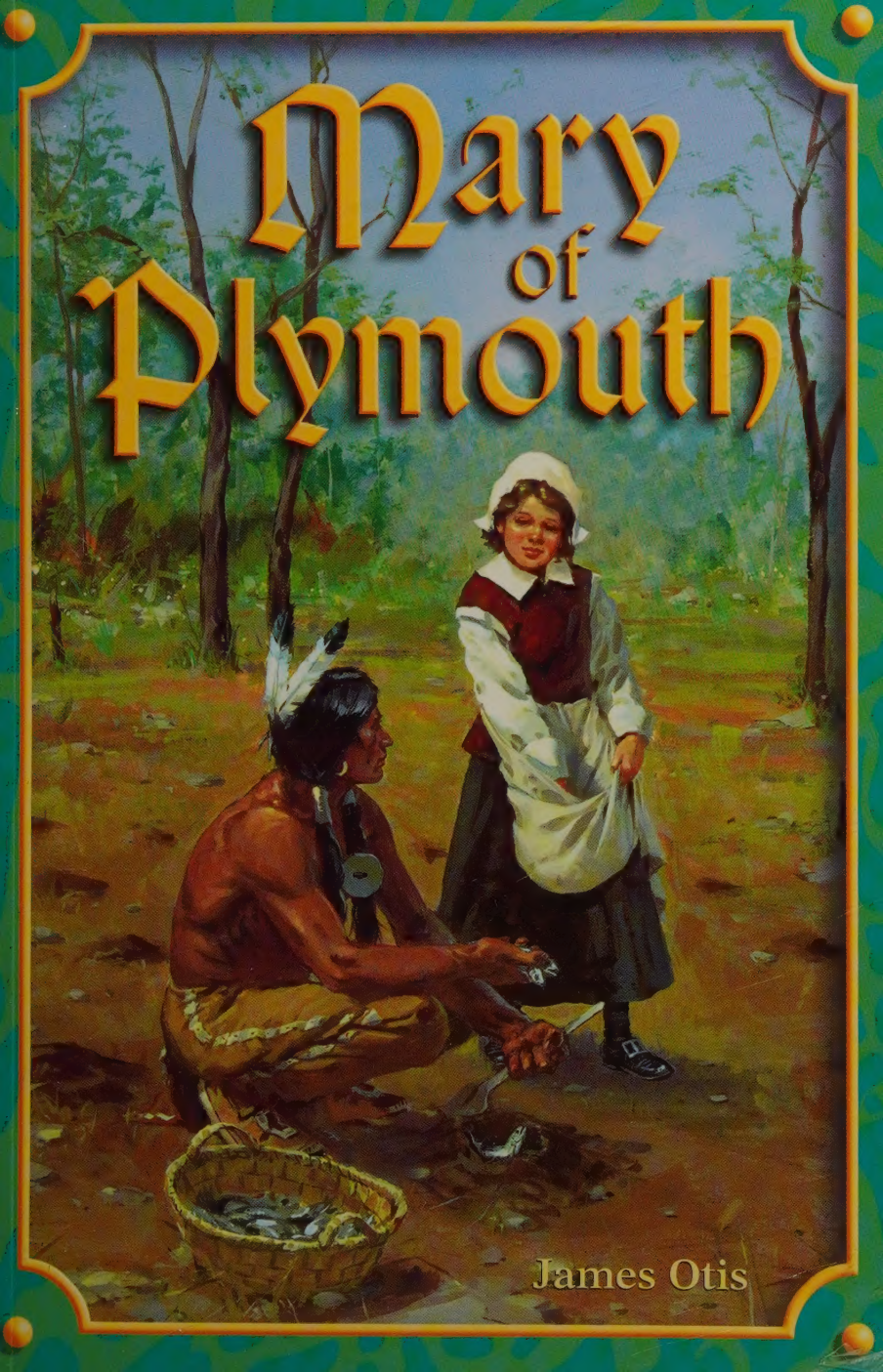
Mary
of
Plymouth
James Otis

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Mary of Plymouth

James Otis

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To the Reader

James Otis, in *Mary of Plymouth,* has endeavored to show the daily life of the early colonists who first settled in the New World. He describes the hardship and toil of those diligent people, who sought religious freedom and struggled to build up a country for themselves.

His real aim has been to excite in the hearts of the young people of this land a desire to know more regarding the building of this great nation, and at the same time to encourage them to noble deeds.

James Otis has written other books of the American colonists and pioneers, but he is perhaps best known today as the author of the circus story, *Toby Tyler.* This edition of *Mary of Plymouth* has been adapted for today's young people. Original illustrations have been colorized and included.

Chapter 1 Our Journey to the New World

Why This Story Was Written

My name is Mary, and I am setting down the story of our people here in this new world, even though I am only sixteen years old, having lived in Plymouth since the *Mayflower* landed in 1620, more than eleven years ago. I hope to someday send the story to my dear friend Hannah in Scrooby, England.

If Hannah ever really sees this as I have written it, she will be amused; for it is set down on pieces of birch bark and some pages cut from the book of accounts which Edward Winslow brought with him from the old home.

Hannah will ask why I did not use fair, white paper, and, if I am standing by when she does so, I shall tell

her that fair, white paper is far too precious in this new world of ours to be used for the pleasure of children.

In the last ship which came from England were large packages of white paper for the settlers at Salem, who came over to this wild land eight years after we landed, and when I asked my father to buy three sheets for me that I might make a little book, he told me the price would be more than he paid for the two deer skins with which to make me a winter coat.

Of course I put from my mind all hope of having paper to write on, but these sheets of bark take very well the ink made from the elderberries which Mother and I brewed the second winter after our new home was built. The pen is a quill taken from the wing of a wild goose shot by Captain Standish.

The Leaking *Speedwell*

Hannah's father must have told her how much trouble we had in getting here, for when the first vessel in which we set sail, named the *Speedwell,* returned to England because of leaking so badly, her master could not have failed to tell the people of Scrooby how all one hundred and two of us, men, women and children, were crowded into the *Mayflower.*

From the sixth day of September until the eleventh day of November, which is over sixty long dreary days,

we were on the ocean, and then our vessel sailed into what Captain John Smith had named Cape Cod Bay.

Mother believed, as did the other women and we children, that we would go on shore as soon as the *Mayflower* came near land; but before many hours passed, after the anchor was dropped into the sea, even the youngest of us knew that it could not be.

We were weary with having been on board the vessel so long and had made ourselves believe that as soon as we arrived in the new world, food in plenty with good, comfortable homes would be ours.

Master Brewster, as well as the other men, said that houses must be built before we could leave the ship, and we needed only to go on deck and look about us to know

why this was so. Everywhere were snow and trees. It was a real forest as far as I could see in either direction, and everywhere the cold, white snow was piled in drifts or blowing like feathers when the wind was high.

So deeply was the land covered that we, who watched the men when they went ashore for the first time to seek out some place to make a village, thought that they had fallen into a hole while stepping off the rocks because we lost sight of them so soon. Instead of its being an accident, however, we could see that they were floundering in the snow, Master Bradford, whose legs are the shortest, being nearly lost to view.

We waited as patiently as possible for them to come back, though I must confess that my friend Sarah and I were most eager to hear from those people in Virginia, who it was said were living in comfort.

It was many days before we realized that the settlers in Virginia were far away from where we were to land, and to see them, we should be forced to take another long voyage by ship. We had come amidst the snow and the Indians, instead of among people from England, as had been planned when we set out.

Searching for a Home

Father was wet, cold, weary, and almost discouraged when he came on board the vessel after that first day on shore. The men had found no place which looked as if it

might be a good spot for our village. Father said that he was not the only member of the company who had begun to believe it would have been better if we had stayed in Leyden, Holland, where we were allowed to worship God in our own way, rather than to venture into a wild forest where were fierce animals, and, perhaps, hostile Indians.

On that very night, soon after our fathers were on board again, a great storm came up. The vessel tumbled about as if she were on the broad ocean, and when we heard the men throwing out more anchors, we children were afraid and cried, for Sarah's father said he believed the *Mayflower* would be cast ashore and wrecked on the cruel rocks over which the waves were dashing themselves into foam.

Some of the women were frightened, although my mother was not one of them, and it was only when Master Brewster came among us, praying most fervently,

saying that God would watch over us even as He had on the mighty ocean, that the cries and sobs of fear were silenced. Truly did I think, while Sarah and I hugged each other very hard so that we might not be heard to cry, that this was a most wretched place in which to make a new home, and how I wished we had never left Leyden, or that we had gone back to Scrooby instead of coming here!

Chapter 2 We Remain on the Ship

After the Storm

It was Saturday when our vessel first came to anchor, and the storm continued furiously until Monday morning. The snow was piled up higher than before and many of the smaller trees were hidden from sight. Our fathers went on shore when the sun shone once more, while the sailors made ready to launch the big boat which they call the shallop. It had been tied down on the deck of the *Mayflower,* taking up so much space that we children could not move around comfortably on deck even when the weather permitted.

Some of the upper timbers had been broken by the waves during the storms which came upon us while we were on the ocean, and much mending must be done before she could be made seaworthy. Therefore, needing room in which to work, the sailors took her ashore where it could be done more easily.

You must know that a shallop is a large boat like the vessel *Speedwell,* except that it is much smaller, capable of holding no more than twenty-five or thirty people. It has one mast, a sail, and oars, and, as Father has told me, anyone might safely make a long voyage in such a craft.

Wash Day

Captain Standish led the company of men, including my father, into the forest to search for a place to make our new home, and when we lost sight of them among the trees, it seemed as if we were more alone than before.

Sarah and I could not stay on deck to watch the men while they worked because the cold was too severe, therefore we went into the cabin where other children were huddled around the stove, and there tried to imagine what our homes would be like in such a desolate place.

While the sailors worked on the shallop, many of the women went on shore to wash clothes near the fire which had been built by the men, and a most dismal time they had, as we children heard when they came back at night. They were forced to melt snow in Master Brewster's big iron pot, and when the hot water was poured into the tub, it speedily began to freeze. Mother said that the clothes were only a little improved by being washed in such a manner.

Next morning the cold was so bitter that the women and children did not venture out on the deck of the vessel, save when one or another ran up to see if those who had set off to find a place for our new home were returning. The sailors continued work on the shallop for two days, and each time they came back to the *Mayflower* for food or shelter, brought a load of wood in their boat so that we might have fuel in plenty for our fires on the ship.

Finding the Corn

Not until Friday evening did our fathers come back; not one of all the party of seventeen was missing, although it seemed to me they had been in great danger.

Before they had gone more than a mile from the *Mayflower,* they saw five Indians and a dog coming toward them and hastened forward to learn what they might about this new world. The Indians ran among the trees as soon as they saw our people, and they ran so swiftly it was impossible to overtake them.

Captain Standish led the way along the shore until next day they came upon what looked as if an Indian village had once been in that place, for the land had been dug over much as though to raise crops, and there were what appeared to be many

graves. On opening one of these piles of sand, they found two baskets full of what one of the sailors said was Indian corn; but another declared it was Turkish wheat, while Captain Standish believed it should be called Guinny wheat. It had been left near the graves, for these Indians believe that even after people are dead they need food.

Later, when we became acquainted with Samoset and Squanto, we came to know that on the spot which had been chosen for our home, there had been a large Indian village. Four years before the *Mayflower* came, a terrible sickness had attacked the settlement of Indians, and more than two hundred died. Those

who were alive and able to walk, deserted the place to go many miles into the forest away from the sea, and, except for the graves which our people found, every trace of the town was gone, the Indians believing that only by the destruction of everything connected with the settlement could the evil spirit of the mysterious sickness be cast out.

Our men were very glad to find this wheat, and as soon as they brought it aboard the vessel the women set about boiling some, for that seemed to be the only way in which it could be eaten. Neither Sarah nor I, hungry though we were, felt like eating what had been left for dead people; but we did taste it and found it very good, even though it had not been cooked quite enough.

It was not long, however, before we found out how to prepare it, and many a time since then has it saved us from starving.

Attacked by the Indians

On the sixth of December, the shallop was ready for sea, and the men started to search once more for a place in which to build homes. The very next day, while they were sleeping in the forest in a hut that had been built of dead tree trunks and bushes, they were attacked by Indians who shot arrows among them.

There were thirty or forty of these Indians, but as soon as our men fired upon them, they speedily disappeared. Our men picked up the arrows, some of which were fashioned with heads of brass or eagles' claws.

No one was hurt by these weapons, although one of them passed through Father's coat, and many were found sticking in the logs. Then our people gave solemn thanks to God for having saved them from death.

Five long, dreary days went by before the men came back once more, and then we were happy to hear that a place for our village had been found. It was a long distance from where the *Mayflower* lay at

anchor, and on the next morning another great storm came up. It forced us to stay on board the vessel until the fifteenth of December, when we set sail, and Sarah and I hugged each other fervently, for at last it appeared as if we could begin to make our homes.

Even then we were forced to stay in the *Mayflower* yet longer, for after we came into the bay where it had been said we should live, the men spent a long while choosing a place to build the houses.

Building Houses

It was agreed to build first one large house of logs, where we could all live until each man had chosen a place for himself. Both Sarah and I stood almost knee-deep in the snow on that twenty-fifth of December, as we watched the men hew down trees, trim off the branches, and dig in the frozen ground to set up the first dwelling in this strange land.

Of course we women and children were forced to go back on board the vessel while the work was being done, and very slowly was it carried on, because of the cold's being so great and the storms so many.

Our village was begun in the midst of the forest not very far from the seashore, where huts had been built by the Indians. Because of the Indians having chosen that place in which to live, our people believed it would be well for them to make the town there. It was to be

called Plymouth, since it was from Plymouth, England that we had come.

When Mother asked Father why the men did not search longer, instead of fixing upon a spot to which the Indians might come back at any moment, he told her that much time must be spent in building houses, and not an hour should be wasted. They ought to get on shore as soon as possible in order to begin hunting, for the food we had on the *Mayflower* was by this time so poor that neither Sarah nor I could swallow the smallest mouthful with any pleasure.

Sarah and I were eager to be living on dry land once more where we could move about as we pleased; for, though the *Mayflower* had seemed large to us when we first went on board, there was little room for all our company, and many were so sick that they could not get out on deck even when the sun shone warm and bright.

There were nineteen plots for houses laid out in all, because the company was divided into nineteen families. The plots were on two sides of a path running along by a little brook, where one could get sweet fresh water to drink. It was decided that each man should build his own house.

The plot of land where Father was to build our house was quite near the bay, but far enough in among the trees as to be shaded from the sun in the summer. Master Carver, who was chosen to be our governor, was to build his house only a short distance away.

Chapter 3
Our New Village

Miles Standish

You must know that Captain Standish is not of the same faith as we are. He calls himself a "soldier of fortune," which means that he is ready to do battle wherever it seems as if he could strike a blow for the right. He and his wife Rose became friendly with us while we were at Leyden, for he was, although an Englishman, a captain in one of the Holland regiments, having enlisted in order to help the Dutch in their wars.

Because of liking a life of adventure, Captain Standish declared that he would be our soldier, standing ever ready to guard us against the wild beasts or the Indians if any should come to harm us. Right gallantly has he kept his promise. Unless he had been with us, this village of ours might have been destroyed more than once; and, perhaps, those people whose lives God had spared would have gone back to Holland or England,

ceasing to strive for a foothold in this new world which is so desolate when covered with snow and ice.

A most kindly hearted man is Captain Standish, and yet there are times when he has only slight control over his temper. Like a flash of powder when a spark falls upon it, he flares up with many a harsh word, and I pity those against whom he has just cause for anger.

After coming to know him for one who does not control his tongue in moments of wrath, the Indians gave him the name of "Little pot that soon boils over," which means that his anger can be aroused quickly. He is not small, neither is he as tall as my father or Elder Brewster; but the Indians spoke of him as "little," measuring him, I suppose, with many others of our people.

We had not been in Plymouth long, however, before the Indians understood what a valiant soldier he is, and then they began to call him "Strong Sword."

The Sick People

It was very cold while our fathers were putting up the houses, and the sickness increased so that at one time nearly one half of our company were unable to sit up. All the while the food was very bad, except when more baskets of Indian corn were found.

One evening when Father had come on board the ship after working very hard on our house, I heard him say to Mother that we must try to be cheerful, praying

to God that the sickness which was upon our people would pass us by until we could build the home, plant a garden, and raise food from the earth.

Sarah and I often asked each other when we were alone whether the good Lord whom we strove to serve diligently would allow us to starve to death in this strange land where we had hoped to be so very near Him. Indeed, as the days passed and the food we had brought with us from England became more unfit to eat, it was as if death stood close at hand.

Our House

It seemed like a very long while before the houses were ready so that we could go on shore to live. I must tell you what our home is like. In Scrooby, when one builds a house, he has the trees sawed into timbers and boards at a mill; but in this new land we had no mills. When a man in England wants to make a chimney, he buys bricks and mortar; but here, although we had plenty of clay and lime, we could not put them to proper use until the needed tools were brought across the sea.

There was plenty of granite and other rock out of which to make cellars and walls; but no one could cut it, and even though it was already shaped, we had no horses with which to haul it. Think for a moment what it must mean not to have cows, sheep, oxen, horses, or chicken. We had none of these for three or four years.

My father built the house we are now living in, almost alone, having only a little help from the other men when he had to raise the heavy timbers. First, after clearing away the snow, he dug a hole in the frozen ground, two or three feet deep, making it the same shape he had planned the house. Then, he cut down trees for timbers and stood them upright all around the inside of this hole, leaving here a place for a door and another for a window, until the four sides of the building were made.

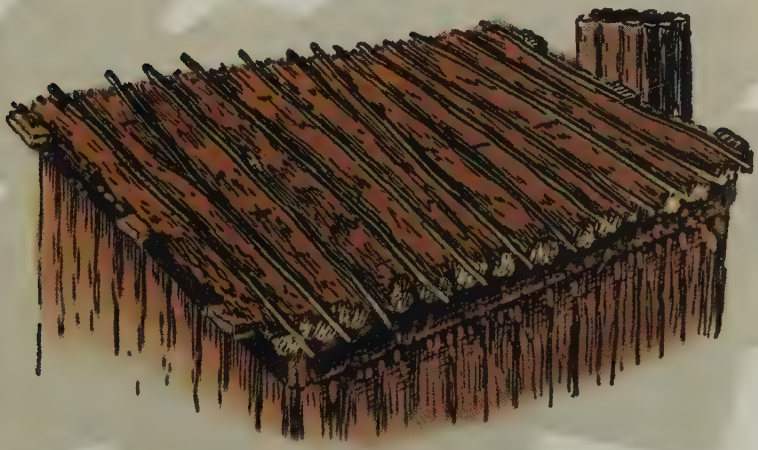
On the inside he filled the hole again with the earth he had taken out at the beginning, pounding it down solid to form a floor, and at the same time to help make the logs more secure in an upright position.

Where the floor of earth does not hold the timbers firmly enough, puncheons are fastened to the outside just beneath the roof.

Puncheons are logs that have been split and trimmed with axes until they are something like planks. Hard work it is indeed to make these puncheon planks; but they were needed to fasten crosswise on the sides of our house, in order to hold the logs more firmly in place.

Across the top of the house, slanting them so that the water would run off, Father placed a layer of logs to make the roof.

Three puncheons were put across the inside of the roof, fastened with pegs of wood, for the few nails we have among us are too valuable to be used in house building.



To prevent water from running into the house, Father stripped bark from hemlock trees and placed it over the logs two or three layers deep, fastening it all down with poles cut from young trees.

Master White and the Wolf

Of course, when this home was first built, there were many cracks between the logs; but these Mother and I stuffed full of moss and clay, until the wind no longer finds free entrance. We are not likely to be in the same plight as was Master White, less than two months after we came ashore to live.

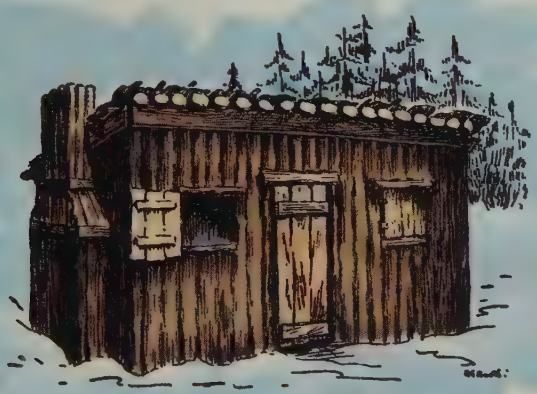
He would not spend the time to fill up the cracks, as we had done, and one night while he lay in bed, a hungry wolf thrust his paw through and scratched the poor man's head so severely that the blood ran freely. Sarah thinks he must have awakened very quickly just then.

The Inside of the House

We have a partition inside our house, dividing the lower part into two rooms. It is made of clay mixed with beach grass. Mother and I made a white liquid of powdered clam shells and water, which we used to paint it until it looks like the same kind of wall found in Scrooby. With pieces of logs we children helped to pound the earth inside the house until the floor was smooth and firm; but Father promised that at some later time we should have a floor of puncheons, as indeed we have now, and very nice and comfortable it is.

I wish you might see it after Mother and I have covered it well with clean white sand from the seashore and marked pretty patterns in it of vines and leaves. This we do only when making the house ready for meeting or for some great feast.

At the windows are shutters made of puncheons, as is also the door, and both are hung with straps of leather instead of real hinges.



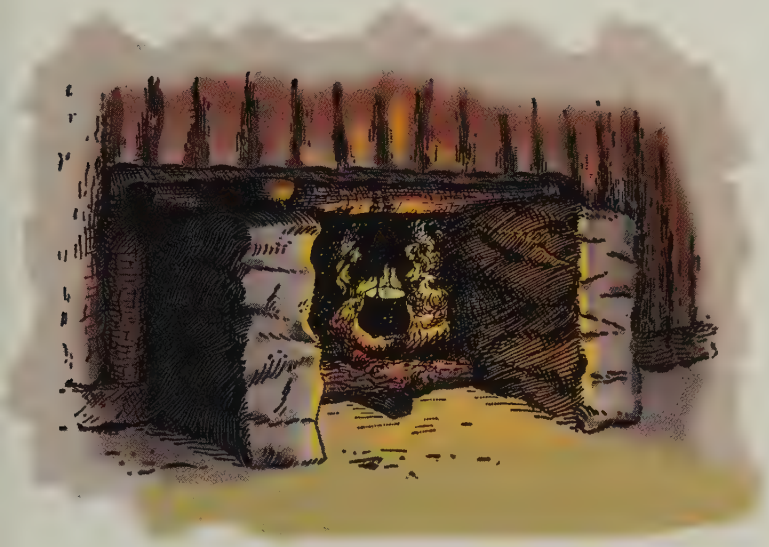
Perhaps you may think that with only a puncheon shutter at the window, we are forced to sit in darkness when it storms or is cold. But let me tell you that our windows are closed quite as well as yours, though not so nicely. We brought from home some stout paper, and this we oiled and nailed across the window space. Of course we cannot look out to see anything, but the light finds its way through readily.

A Chimney without Bricks

I had almost forgotten to tell you how Father built a chimney without either bricks or mortar.

Our chimney is of logs plastered plentifully with clay and fastened to the outside of the building, with a hole cut through the side of the house that the fireplace may be joined to it.

The fireplace itself is built of clay mixed with dried beach grass.



It looks somewhat like a large, square box, open in front, with three sides at least two feet thick. It is so large that Sarah and I can stand inside and look straight out through it at the sky.

Father drags in logs which are much larger around than my body, and Mother or one of the neighbors helps him roll them into the big fireplace where they burn from one morning to the next.

Building the Fire

The greatest trouble we had during our first winter here was in keeping the fire burning. The wood cut in the forest is green, and the fire is very likely to desert it unless we keep close watch. Neither Mother nor I can strike a spark with flint and steel as quickly as

many women in the village; therefore, when we lost our fire, one of us took a shovel and borrowed enough coals from our neighbors to set our own hearth warm again.

Master Bradford's Chimney

We have in Plymouth one chimney of which even those in Scrooby might be proud. Master Bradford built what is a perfect luxury of a chimney, which shows what a man can do who has genius. His chimney is of stone, even though we have no means of cutting rock. He sought here and there for flat stones, laying them one upon another with a plentiful mixture of clay, until he built a chimney which cannot be injured by fire and yet is even larger than ours.

Its heart is so big that I am told Master Bradford himself can climb up through it without difficulty, and where the fireplace ends and the chimney begins is a shelf on either side, across which is laid a bar of green wood lest it burn too quickly. On this the pot-hooks and pot-claws may be hung by chains.

It would seem as if all this had made Master Bradford overly vain, for because the wooden bar, which he calls a backbar, has been burned through twice, he has sent to England for an iron one, and when it comes his family may be proud indeed, for only think how easily one can cook when there are so many conveniences!

We are forced to put our pots and pans directly on the coals, and it burns one's hands terribly at times, if the fire is too bright. Besides, the cinders fall on the bread, which causes much delay in the eating because so much time is spent in scraping them off. Even at the best, I often get more ashes than is pleasant to the taste.

Skillets from the *Mayflower*

Bread of any kind is such a rarity with us that we cannot afford to have it spoiled by ashes. During the first two years we

had only the meal from Indian corn with which to make it; but when we were able to raise rye, it was mixed with the meal, and we had a most wholesome bread, even though it was exceedingly dark in color.

Scarcity of Food

In Scrooby one thinks that he must have bread of some kind for breakfast; but we here in Plymouth have pudding made of ground Indian corn, sometimes sweetened, but more often only salted. With this alone we satisfy our hunger during at least two out of the three meals. I can remember two seasons when all the food we had for more than three months was this same hasty pudding, as we soon learned to call it.

That first winter we spent here was so dreadful and so long that I do not even like to think of it. Nearly all the food we had brought from England was spoiled before we came ashore.

There were many times when Sarah and I were so hungry that we cried with our arms around each other's neck, as if being so close together would calm the terrible feeling in our stomachs.

All the men who were able to walk went hunting; but at one time, before the warm weather came again, only five men were well enough to tramp through the forest. These five also had to chop wood for the whole village.

Mother and the other women who were not sick in bed went from house to house doing what they might for those who were ill, while we children were sent to pick up dead branches for the fires, because at times the men were not able to cut wood enough for the needs of all.

So many died! Each day we were told that this neighbor or that had been called to Heaven. I have heard Father often say since then that the hardest of the work during those dreadful days was to dig graves while the earth was frozen so solidly.

Think! Fifty out of our little company of one hundred and two, Captain Standish's wife among them, were called by God, and as each went out into the other world, we who were left on earth felt more and more keenly our helplessness and desolation.

A Timely Gift

It was fortunate indeed for us that Captain Standish was among those able to labor for others,

or we would have come much nearer to starvation. One day I was searching for leaves of the checkerberry plant under the snow because Mother had said the chewing of them might save me from feeling so hungry. Captain Standish, a famous hunter, suddenly appeared and dropped a huge wild turkey in front of me. It seemed like a gift from God, and although it was very heavy, I dragged it home, forgetting everything except that at last we should have something to eat.

Many days afterward I heard that the captain went to bed hungry that day, and when I charged him with having given to me what he needed for himself, he laughed heartily, as if it were a rare joke, saying that old soldiers like himself had long since learned how to buckle their belts more tightly, causing it to seem as if their stomachs were full.

A firm friend is Captain Standish, and God was good to send him with us on the *Mayflower.*

It was when our troubles were heaviest that Sarah came to live in my home because her mother was sick, and Mistress Bradford, who went there as nurse, told Sarah to stay in some other house for a time.

Chapter 4
We Meet the Indians

The First Indian Visitor

Sarah and I were standing just outside the door of my home, breaking twigs to be used for the fire, when suddenly an Indian, the first I had ever seen, dressed in skins with many feathers on his head, came into the village crying:

"Welcome English!"

Women and children ran out to see him—the first visitor we had in Plymouth.

Father was surprised to hear him speaking in our language; but we afterward learned that he had met some English fishermen, and they had taught him a few words.

He was very friendly, so much so that when he put his hand on my head I was not afraid.

His name was Samoset, and after he had looked around the village, seeming to be surprised at the manner in which our houses of logs were built, he went away, much to my disappointment. I had hoped that he might give me a feather from the splendid headdress he wore.

I heard afterward that he promised to come back again, and when six days later he did so, there was another Indian with him—one who could talk almost the same as we do. His was a strange story—so strange and cruel that I wondered how he could be friendly with us after having suffered so much at the hands of white people.

Squanto had been a member of the tribe that owned the land where our village of Plymouth was built, and his real name, so Governor Bradford says, is Squantum.

Squanto's Story

Seven years before the *Mayflower* came, Squanto had been stolen by Captain Hunt who had visited these shores on a fishing voyage. He sent Squanto to

Spain where he was sold as a slave. There a good Englishman saw him and bought him of his master. He was taken to London where he worked as a servant until an exploring party sent out by Sir Ferdinando Gorges was about to set sail for this country. Squanto was given passage on the ship.

While he had been in slavery, the dreadful sickness broke out which killed or drove away all his people; therefore, when the poor fellow came back, he found none to welcome him.

How it was I cannot say, but in some way he wandered about until coming among the tribe of Indians called the Wampanoags, where he lived until Samoset happened to come across him.

As soon as he knew that we of Plymouth were English people, he had a desire to be friendly, because of what the good Englishman had done for him.

I have heard Father say many times that if it were not for Squanto all of us might have died during that terrible winter when the good Lord took fifty of our company.

Living in the Wilderness

You must know that in this land everything is different from England. Of course the trees are the same; but oh, so many of them! We are living now, even after our homes have been made, in the very midst of the wilderness, and in that winter when Squanto and

Samoset came to us, bringing the corn we needed so badly, we were much like prisoners, for the snow was piled everywhere in great drifts.

The trees, growing thickly over the ground prevented us all, except the men who were well enough to go hunting, from going anywhere except from one house to the other.

We had little desire for leaving the shelter of our homes. In nearly every house throughout the village there was sickness or death. The cold was piercing, and, however industriously we had worked filling the cracks between the logs with clay, the wind came through in many places so that most of the time we stayed close to the fire lest we freeze to death.

There were days when it seemed indeed as if the Lord had forgotten us; when, with the hunger and cold and the sickness on every hand, it was as if we had been abandoned by our Maker.

The Friendly Indians

With the coming of Samoset and Squanto, however, it seemed, perhaps only to us children, as if things were changed. These Indians were the only two people in all the great land who were willing to take us by the hand and do what they could to cheer us, and because of this show of kindness we did feel happier.

Squanto, as Father has said again and again, did very much to aid. First he showed our people how to fish. This may seem strange to you, for the English had used hooks and lines many years before the New World was dreamed of; yet, it is true that the Indians could succeed, even without proper tackle, better than our people.

Squanto showed Father how to tread on the banks of the brooks to force out the eels which had buried themselves in the mud during the cold weather. Then he taught him how to catch them with his hands, so that many a day when there was nothing in our home to eat, we hunted for eels, boiling rather than frying them, because the little store of grease was no longer fit to cook with.

Another thing Squanto did that was wondrously helpful was to teach us how to grind Indian corn. We thought the wheat that we found among the Indian graves could be cooked only by boiling it a full day, and then it was not pleasing to the taste. But when Squanto came, he explained that it should be pounded until it was like a coarse flour. Then it might be made into a pudding that, eaten with salt, is almost delicious.

Grinding the Corn

When I heard him telling Father that it must be ground, I said to myself that we were not likely to taste it, for there is not a single mill in this land. Squanto first cut a large tree down, leaving the stump a full yard in height. Then, by building a fire on the stump and scraping away with a sharp rock the wood as fast as it was charred, he made a hollow so deep that one might put in half a bushel of wheat.

From another portion of the tree he shaped a block of wood to fit exactly the hole in the stump, and this he fastened

to the top of a young, slender tree. Then even we children knew that he had made a mortar and pestle, although an exceeding rude one.

We had only to pull down the heavy block with all our strength upon the corn, thus bruising and crushing it. The natural spring of the young tree would pull the block up again. In this way we ground our wheat until it was powdered so fine that it might be cooked in a few moments.

A Visit from Massasoit

One day Samoset, Squanto, and three other Indians came into Plymouth, walking very straight and putting on such appearance of importance that I followed them as they went to the very center of the settlement. It seemed to me that something strange was about to happen, as indeed proved to be the case.

The Indians had come to tell our governor that their chief was in the forest close by, wanting to visit the Englishmen.

I was so busy looking at the feathers and skins which these messengers wore that I did not hear what reply Captain Standish made, for he had been called upon by Governor Carver to answer. But presently nearly sixty Indians could be seen through the trees as they marched straight toward us.

Then my heart really stood still as I saw Master Winslow walking out to meet them; but Captain Standish said I need not be afraid. He was only going to greet the chief of the Indians, carrying three knives, a copper chain, an earring, and some food.

Captain Standish said it would be well if we could gain the favor of this powerful Indian even at the expense of all the most precious of our belongings.

A brave show did the Indians make as they came into the village, marching one after the other! The feathers were in such quantity it seemed as if all the birds in the world could not yield so many. And the furs! The chief, whose name is Massasoit, wore over his shoulders a mantle so long that it dragged on the

snow behind him, and he had belts and chains of what looked to be beads. Captain Standish told me they were called wampum, and the Indians used them in the place of money.

Governor Carver stood at the door of Elder Brewster's house, which as yet had no roof, and beckoned for the chief and those who followed him to enter. Inside were Mistress Carver's rug and Mother's two cushions, which had been laid on the ground for the chief to sit on.

I cannot tell you what was said or done, for neither Sarah nor I could get inside Master Brewster's house.

More than half of those who had come with the chief were forced to remain outside, because there was not enough space for all within the walls. Sarah and I had our fill of looking at them; but not one gave the slightest attention to us. It seemed as if they believed their station was so high that it would be beneath their dignity to speak with children.

Massasoit's Promise

The Indians and our people stayed long in the half-built house, and both Sarah and I wondered what could be going on to take up so much time. Later we came to understand that Chief Massasoit was making a bargain with the men of Plymouth.

My father called it a treaty, which is the same as an agreement between two nations.

Massasoit, being the ruler over all the Indians nearby our village, promised that neither he nor any of his tribe should do any harm to us of Plymouth; but if any wicked ones did work mischief, they should be sent to our governor to be punished.

He promised also that if anything was stolen from us by his people, he would make sure it was sent back, and if any of us living in Plymouth took anything from the Indians, our governor should send it back immediately.

Massasoit said that if any Indians came to fight or kill our people, he would send some of his men to help

us, and if any tried to hurt his people, our fathers must take sides with him.

All this was agreed to while Elder Brewster's house was so full of visitors and our people, that they must have been packed together like herring in a box. When the treaty had been made, all the Indians except Samoset and Squanto marched away.

Soon after Massasoit had gone, his brother Quadequina and several more Indians appeared, and we entertained them also.

It was much like a feast day to have so many people in this new village of ours that all the space beneath the trees seemed to be crowded, and we felt quite lonely when our fathers began once more to build houses.

Massasoit's Visit Returned

The next day Captain Standish and Master Allerton went to call upon Massasoit, and I was so frightened that I trembled when they marched away, for it seemed to me as if some harm would be done to them in the Indian village.

They came back at nightfall, none the worse for having been so venturesome.

This ended our round of pleasure, the first we had for some time; and once more we trembled before the sickness which was destroying so many of our people.

Chapter 5
Settling In

The Big House Burned

It was yet winter when we met with a sad loss. The Common House, that first building which was put up for all of us while the homes were being built, caught on fire, and much of it was burned. Father believes that the logs in the fireplace had been piled too high, causing the flames to come directly in contact with the chimney and the backbar, kindling all into a blaze.

It was most mournful the next morning to see the blackened, smoldering logs of our first house which had served as a shelter less than one month, and Mother says it was a warning to us that even our own homes are in danger of being speedily destroyed, unless the chimneys can be built to resist fire.

The *Mayflower* Leaves Port

All was excitement in this little village when our people began to make ready for sending the *Mayflower* home. She had been lying at anchor close by the shore, giving shelter to them as were yet without homes; but our fathers had decided that she could no longer be kept idle. When the time came for her to go back, it was much like breaking the last ties which bound us to the old homes in England.

Sarah and I could have no part in making the *Mayflower* ready for sailing, since we were only two girls who were of no service or aid. We watched the sailors as they came and went from the shore, wishing that we and those we loved might remain in the vessel which had brought us so safely across the wide ocean.

During the time we were forced to remain on board, she seemed too small for our comfort, and we rejoiced at being able to leave her; but when it was known that she was going back to our old homes and all our friends, it was much like starting over again.

Sarah and I stood with our arms around each other as she sailed out of the harbor. All the people were gathered on the shore to wish her a safe voyage, and I know that my cheeks were wet with tears as I saw her disappearing in the east, leaving us behind.

That night Father prayed most fervently for all on board, that they might have a safe and speedy passage,

and it seemed to me as if I had parted with someone who was very dear to me.

Then we were indeed alone amid the huge trees, surrounded by wild beasts, and the sickness was still so great among us that I wondered if God had forgotten that we had come to this new world to worship Him as we had been commanded.

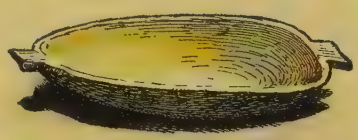
Setting the Table

I often ask myself what the people of Scrooby would say if they could see us at dinner. We have no table, and boards are very scarce and high in price here in this new village of ours. Therefore Father saved carefully the top of one of our packing boxes. Nearly all the settlement did the same, and we call these table boards.

When it is time to serve the meal, Mother and I lay this board across two short logs; but we cover it

with the linen brought from the old home, and none in the plantation, not even the governor himself, has better.

I wish we had more dishes; but they are costly. Yet our table looks very inviting when it is spread for a feast, say at such times as when Elder Brewster comes.



We have three trencher bowls and another larger bowl in which all the food is placed. Then, in addition to the wooden cups we brought from home, we have many vessels of gourds that we raised in the garden. Father fashioned a mold for making spoons, so that now our pewterware, when grown old with service, can be melted down into spoons until we have a goodly abundance of them.

It is said, although I have not seen it myself, that a utensil called a fork is in the possession of Master Brewster, having been brought over from England. It is of iron, having two sharp points made to hold the food.

I cannot understand why anyone should need such a tool while they have their own cleanly fingers and napkins of linen on which to wipe them. Perhaps Master Brewster was right when he said that we who came into this new world to worship God as we please are too much bound up in the vanities of life. Father says he knows of no more vain thing than an iron tool with which to hold one's food.

What and How We Eat

And now, perhaps, you ask what we have to eat when the table is spread. Well, first, there is a pudding of Indian corn, and this we have in the morning, at noon, and at night, unless there is a scarcity of corn. For meats, now that our people are acquainted with the paths through the woods, we have plenty of deer meat or the flesh of bears and wild fowl, such as turkeys, ducks, and pigeons. Of course there are lobsters in abundance, but only those less thrifty people who do not store sufficiently for the future live on such food as that.

Every Saturday we have a feast of codfish. Elder Brewster has already spoken to us in meeting about the vanity of believing it is necessary that we eat no less a fish than cod on Saturdays, saying it is a sign that our hearts are not yet sufficiently humble.

My father is overly careful of me, Mistress White claims, because he allows me to sit at the table with

him and my mother when they eat, instead of being obliged to stand as other children do when their elders are at meals. Poor Mistress White fears that I am pampered because of being an only child; but I cannot see how I do less reverence to my parents by sitting to eat, than by standing throughout a long feast when one's legs grow weary, as mine did the last time we were invited to dine with Elder Brewster.

Of course we have no chairs; but the short lengths of tree trunks which Father has cut to serve as stools are most comfortable, even though it is necessary to sit upright on them. Very often, if one grows forgetful, as did Captain Standish at Master Brewster's home, there is danger of losing the stool.

Our mighty soldier being thus careless tumbled backward, so surprised that he forgot to let go of his trencher bowl, thereby plentifully besmearing himself with an abundance of hot hasty pudding.

Table Rules

Mother has written down some rules for me at table, so that I may do credit to my upbringing when at the house of a friend, and these I am copying for you, to show that I am not so pampered as to forget what belongs to good breeding:

"Never sit down at the table till asked, and after the blessing.

"Ask for nothing; tarry till it be offered thee. Speak not.

"Bite not thy bread, but break it.

"Take salt only with a clean knife. Dip not the meat in the same.

"Hold not thy knife upright, but sloping, and lay it down at the right hand of the plate with blade on plate.

"Look not earnestly at any other that is eating.

"When moderately satisfied, leave the table.

"Sing not, hum not, wriggle not."

You may see that if I follow these rules carefully, I shall not bring shame upon my mother.

When the Pilgrim Goes Abroad

If we desire to travel, we must either walk or sail in boats, and one may not go far on foot in either direction along the coast without coming upon streams or brooks over which a tree has been laid to serve as a bridge. Father thinks a bridge of that kind is all that is necessary because his footing is so sure; but you know that girls are more timid, and it is difficult to walk above the rushing streams on a round log.

Because of having made our plantation near to a deserted Indian village, there were paths through the woods in every direction. These we used whenever we went in search of bayberry plums or herbs of any kind. The Indians, after Squanto had made us friendly with the great chief Massasoit, were ready to sell us boats. One kind is made of the bark taken from the birch tree in great sheets, sewn together with sinews of deer and smeared with fat from the pitch pine.

I have seen one that would safely carry four people, so light that I myself could lift it. But no man can use one of these bark vessels without having been taught how to sail it, for they are so light on the water that the slightest movement overturns them.

I feel more secure in what our people call a dugout, which is made with much labor by the Indians, and is, as Captain Standish says, "a most unwieldy ship."

Making a Dugout

The Indians hew down a huge pine tree, and when I say it is done without the use of axes, then you will wonder how the timber can be felled. Well, when an Indian desires to build a boat, he selects the tree from which it is to be made and builds a little fire around the trunk close to the ground. As fast as the flames char the wood, he scrapes it away with a sharp rock or a thick seashell and keeps scraping the burning wood until the tree falls.

Then he cuts off ten or twelve feet in length by burning and scraping exactly as before, and this is the length of the boat. Now he sets about building a fire along the top, charring the wood and scraping it away until, after what must surely be a wonderful amount of labor, he has hollowed out that huge log into a shell. The bark is then stripped from the outside, and the ends fashioned by burning until they are smooth, and the boat is completed.

Chapter 6
Springtime

Governor Carver's Death

It was in April when the weather had grown warm, that a great calamity came upon us of Plymouth, and my father says it is impossible for us to understand how sore a stroke it was to our people who count on making a home in this new world.

Governor Carver had hoped to make a garden as would be a model for all in the village, and for that purpose he worked exceedingly hard. He was planting and hoeing from early light until it was no longer possible to see because of the coming of night. Already many of the plants that Samoset and Squanto had helped him with were showing through the ground, until, as Captain Standish said, "all the others should take pattern by him that we might not taste again of the bitterness of famine."

The day had been very warm, and the governor was working very hard, when suddenly he complained of a pain in his head. He tried in vain to continue the labor; but Mistress Carver insisted that he come into the house and lie down on a bear skin, which Captain Standish had made into a bed-cover.

Master Bradford and my father were summoned in the hope that it might be possible to give him some relief; but they could do no more than pray for his recovery, and even while they were pleading most fervently with God, the poor man lost all knowledge of himself, nor did he speak again.

During three days everyone prayed; no trees were hewn lest the noise disturb him, and all the women in the village gathered in or around the house that they might be ready in case their services were needed. It was as if we were having three Sabbaths at once. Then he died, without having come to know that he was ill, and we were more heartsick and lonely than when the *Mayflower* sailed away.

Governor Carver was laid in the grave without a word or sound, other than the sobs of the women and children who mourned so sorely.

Those who had muskets discharged them as a parting salute to him who had been our governor, and we walked sorrowfully and silently away, little dreaming that within three short weeks Mistress Carver would be buried beside her husband.

William Bradford Chosen Governor

Two days after we said farewell to Master Carver, Master William Bradford was chosen governor; but because he was yet stricken with the sickness, Master Isaac Allerton was named as his assistant.

I have no doubt that Hannah will be surprised to hear that "little Willie Bradford," as I have heard the old women call him, has become our governor. When he was a boy in Scrooby, he came among our people, who were called Separatists or Non-Conformists, because they would not conform or agree to King James' orders regarding their religion.

William Bradford came to believe, after attending the meetings in Elder Brewster's house, that ours was the true religion, and when our people made up their minds to go into Holland where they might be allowed to worship God as they chose, Master Bradford went with them. There he learned the trade of a weaver of cloth; but later he apprenticed himself to a printer.

Now he is the foremost man of all our company, because of being the governor, and truly he has been much help to us in our time of trouble.

Farming in Plymouth

I wish you might have seen how our farming was done on the first season after we came ashore from the

Mayflower. Because of having no cattle with which to plow, the men were forced to dig up the ground with spades, and weary labor it was. Those who were well enough to remain in the field planted nearly twenty-six acres, six of which were sown with barley and peas, while the remainder was given over to Indian corn.

Squanto showed us how this last should be done, and, strange as it may seem, he used fish to enrich the land, putting three small ones in each hill of corn.

You must know that all of us children and the women work at the planting of corn, for it is the only kind of food which can be kept all year without danger of being spoiled, and when we grow weary with the task, it is only necessary to remember our hunger when we first came ashore.

Perhaps you may wonder where we got so much of the corn for seed. It has all come from the Indians in one way or another. Some of it Squanto brought from Massasoit's people; but a goodly portion was found on many of the graves near our village.

As to planting barley and peas, Squanto knew nothing; therefore the work was done somewhat as it would have been done at home, except that the land was full of rocks and trees, and we had very few tools.

The seed was finally put into the ground, but even when the task had been performed to the best of our ability, it was an odd-looking farm to those who had seen the fair fields of England. Large rocks stood here and there, and many stumps of trees remained, for our fathers had not been able to clear the land entirely. We shall have much work at harvest in gathering the crops from amid all these unsightly things.

Ways of Cooking Indian Corn

I must tell you of a way to cook Indian corn which Squanto showed to Captain Standish, and now we

have it in all the houses, when we are so fortunate to have a good supply of the wheat.

It is poured into the hot ashes of the fireplace and allowed to remain there until every single wheat kernel has been roasted brown. Then it is sifted out of the ashes, beaten into a powder like meal, and mixed with snow in the winter or water in the summer. This is called nookick. Three spoonfuls a day is enough for a man who is on the march or at work, and we children are given only two thirds as much.

Mother says it is especially of value because little labor is needed to prepare it; but neither Sarah nor I take kindly to the powder.

The Indians also soak the corn in hot water twelve hours before pounding it into a kind of coarse meal. They make this into a pudding; but Mother does not like the taste, thinking much of the fine flavor has been taken from it.

Sometimes we make a sweet pudding by mixing corn with molasses and boiling it in a bag. It will keep this way for many days, and I once heard Captain Standish say that there were as many sweet puddings made every day in Plymouth as there were housewives.

Next fall we shall have bread made of barley and Indian cornmeal, so Father says, and I am hoping most fervently that he may not be mistaken, for both Sarah and I are heartily tired of nookick and sweet

pudding which is not very sweet because we have to guard carefully our small store of molasses.

We girls often promise ourselves a great feast when a vessel comes out from England bringing butter, for we have had none since the first two weeks of the voyage in the *Mayflower.*

Squanto often tells us of a kind of vegetable, or fruit, I am not certain which, that grows in this country and is called a pumpkin. It must be very fine, if one may judge by his praise of it, and we are looking forward to the time when it shall be possible to know for ourselves.

Making Maple Sugar

We have sugar in plenty now, and, strange as it may seem, it comes from the trees. It was Squanto who showed us how to take it from the maples, of which there are scores and scores growing everywhere around us.

To get the syrup one has to make a hole in a maple tree, put in a small wooden spout, and when the first warm weather comes in the spring, the sap of the tree, mounting from the roots to the branches, will run out of the hole through the spout into the vessels we place beneath.

After that we boil it in kettles until it becomes thick like molasses. It becomes real sugar after it is poured in pans of birch-bark to cool. It has a certain flavor unlike the sugar of England, but answers our purpose so well that it can be used to sweeten the cornmeal or eaten as a dainty.

Decorating the Inside of the House

You must know that our house is not as rough now on the inside as it would appear from what I first wrote. Father has saved the skins of all the animals he has caught and prepared them in the same way as the Indians, which makes the fleshy side look like fine leather. These we have hung on the walls, and they not only serve to keep out the wind, but are really beautiful. With the rough logs and the chinking of clay hidden from view, it is easy to fancy that ours is a real house, such as would be found in England.

We have many fox skins, for Father has shot large numbers of foxes in what seems to me a curious fashion. He saves fish heads, and on moonlit nights throws them among the trees. There the foxes, getting the scent, give him a fair opportunity for shooting. Once he killed four in less than two hours, and we have hung them in that corner of the kitchen which we call Mother's. There she can sit leaning her shoulders against the warm fur, through which the wind cannot come.

We have more wolf skins than any other kind, for our people find it necessary to kill such animals in order to save their own lives. One night before all the snow had melted from the ground, Degory Priest was coming through the forest after attending to his traps and was followed by five hungry wolves who kept close

at his heels and would have eaten the poor man but for his industry in swinging a long pole that he carried to help himself across the streams.

Fortunately for Degory Priest, Captain Standish heard his outcries while he was yet a long distance from the village and went out with three armed men to give him aid.

Sarah and I do not dare venture very far from the village because of the ferocious wolves, and if the time ever comes when we are no longer in deadly fear of the dreadful creatures, this new world of ours will seem more like a real home.

I wish it might be possible for you to see the flocks and flocks of pigeons which come here when the weather grows warm. It is as if they shut out the light of the sun, so great are the numbers, and Father says that again and again they break down the branches

of the trees when too many try to roost in one place. Anyone may go out in the night after the pigeons have gone to sleep and gather as many bags full as he can carry, and even when they are not the most plentiful, we can buy them at the rate of twelve for a penny.

Elder Brewster

I must tell you that a stout fort is being made where we can all go in case any Indians should attack us, and when that has been finished, we shall have a real meeting-house, for one is to be built inside the walls.

Mother says she is certain Mistress Brewster will be relieved, for now we meet each Sabbath Day at her home. It must be a real hardship for her when Elder Brewster preaches an unusually long sermon, for many times the pine knots have been lit before he ended. Of course, the evening meal could not be cooked until we had all returned to our homes.

Father has told me that Elder Brewster was a post-master of Scrooby when he first knew him. His belief in our faith was so strong as to make him one of the Non-Conformists, and he tried so earnestly to perform whatsoever he believed the Lord had for him to do that his was the house in Scrooby where our people listened to the preaching of God's Word.

When he went with us to Leyden, Master Brewster was chosen to assist our preacher Robinson and was made an elder.

It is not proper for a child as young as I to speak even in praise of what my elders have done; but surely a girl can realize when a man is watchful for the comfort of others, putting aside his own troubles or pains so that those around him may be soothed. Next to Captain Standish, Elder Brewster was the one to whom we children could go for advice or assistance.

When the sickness was upon us, he, hardly able to be out of his bed, ministered to those who were dying and to us who were nigh to starvation.

The Visit to Massasoit

That which gave Mother and me a great fright was Governor Bradford's command that Edward Winslow and Master Hopkins visit the village of the Indian chief, Massasoit, in order to take him gifts—a suit of English

clothing, a horseman's coat of red cotton, and three pewter dishes.

It seemed to my mother and me as though it was much like going to certain death; but Squanto, who was to act as guide, claimed that no harm could come to them. God allowed the men to return in safety, although they were not overly pleased with the visit.

Massasoit treated them in the most friendly manner and seemed to be well pleased with the gifts; but he set before them only a small quantity of parched corn, no more than two spoonfuls each, and failed to offer anything else when that had been eaten.

Except that they were hungry during all five days of the stay, the Indians treated them kindly, and my father believes that this tribe will do us no harm.

Keeping the Sabbath Holy

As soon as the fields had been planted, it was decided that six men of the company should spend all their time fishing so that we might lay up a store of seafood for the coming winter. Therefore they go out in the shallop every day except the Sabbath, which begins at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon. At that time we children gather in one house or another, but mostly at Elder Brewster's, where we study the Bible or listen to lectures by Governor Bradford.

We are not allowed to walk around the village after the Bible lessons are finished, but must run directly home and remain there until we go to meeting in Elder Brewster's house the next morning.

Captain Standish says he does not favor such long Sabbaths while we have so much work on hand; but he is not listened to on such matters, for his duty in the village is only that of a military leader.

Chapter 7

We Increase Our Supplies

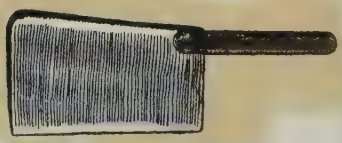
Making Clapboards

It is true indeed that there is very much work to be done. First comes the planting and tending of the crops. Then there is the fishing and the hunting that we may have meat. Lastly is the making of clapboards, which was begun soon after the seed had been put in the ground, for Governor Bradford believed we should make enough to load the first vessel that came to us from England.

It was all we could do, to get together enough to be sold to the people in the old country, and Father said the men of Plymouth must be earning money in some other way than by trying to gather furs, for already the animals were growing more timid and scarce.

This clapboard-making is not easy work. First an oak tree is cut by saws into the length necessary for clapboards about four feet long. Then a tool called a "frow" is used to split the trunk of the tree into slabs,

or clapboards, making them thin at one edge and half an inch or more thick at the other.



This frow is shaped like a butcher's cleaver, and a wooden mallet is used to drive it into the log until the wood splits.

Our people made many clapboards during the time between planting and harvesting, so that we had enormous stacks under the trees ready to put on board the first vessel that should sail for England.

Cooking Pumpkins

When the first pumpkins were ripe, Squanto showed us how to cook them, and most of us find the fruit an agreeable change from sweet puddings, parched corn, and fish.

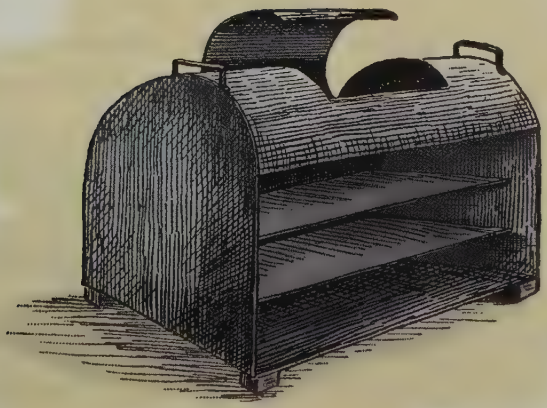
This is the way that Squanto cooked pumpkins. First he was careful to find one that was wholly ripe. In the top of the yellow globe he cut a small hole through which it was possible for him to take out the many seeds. Then the whole pumpkin was put into the iron oven and baked until the pulp on the inside was soft. The shell is then broken open, and the meat is eaten with maple sugar.

Mistress Bradford invented the plan of mixing the baked pumpkin pulp with meal of the Indian corn to

make a strange looking bread, which some like exceeding well, but Father says he is forced to shut his eyes while eating it.

A New Oven

Perhaps I have not told you how we happen to have an oven when there is only the big fireplace in which to cook our food. Mistress White and Mistress Tilley each brought from Leyden what some people call "roasting kitchens," and you can think of nothing more convenient. The oven is made of thin iron like a box, the front of which is open and the back rounded. It is close to a yard long and stands high enough to take all the heat from the fire which would otherwise be thrown out into the room.



In this oven we put our bread, pumpkins, or meat and set it close against a roaring fire. The back, or rounded part, is then heaped high with hot ashes or live embers, and that which is inside is cooked. At the very top of the oven is a small door which can be opened for the cook to look inside, and one may see just how the food is getting on without disturbing the embers that have been heaped against the outer portion.

We often borrow Mistress Tilley's oven, and Father has promised to send for one that shall be our very own. When it arrives, I am certain Mother will be very glad, for there is no kitchen article which can save so much labor for the housewife.

Making Spoons and Dishes

I wish you might see how greatly I added to our store of spoons during the first summer we were here in Plymouth. Sarah and I gathered clam shells that had been washed clean and white by the sea, and Squanto cut many smooth sticks with a cleft in one end so that they might be pushed firmly onto the shell, thus making a most beautiful spoon.

Sarah says that they are most to her liking, because it is not necessary to spend very much

time each week polishing them, as we are forced to do with the pewter spoons.

Some day, after we own cows, we can use the large, flat clam shells to skim milk, and when we make our own butter and cheese, we shall be rich indeed.

After the pumpkins ripened and the gourds in the Indian village hardened, we added to our store of bowls and cups until the kitchen was cluttered with them.

Out of the gourd shells we made what were really most serviceable dippers and even bottles, while in the pumpkin shell dishes we kept much of our supply of Indian corn.

Captain Standish gave me two of the most beautiful turkey wings to be used as brushes; but they are so fine that Mother has them hung on the wall as ornaments, and we sweep the hearth with smaller and less perfect wings from the birds Father has brought home.

The Fort and Meeting-House

That which Captain Standish calls a fort is very much like our homes, or the Common House, except that it is larger and has small, square openings high up on the walls to serve both as windows and places through which our people can shoot at enemies, if any come against us.

Surely there are none in this new world who should wish us harm, and yet my father says that we have need to guard ourselves carefully, because Squanto and Samoset have both insisted that a tribe of Indians who call themselves Narragansetts may seek to drive us from the land.

This fort, the logs of which are sunken so deeply into the earth that they cannot easily be overthrown, has been built on the highest land within the settlement. Extending from it in such a manner as to make it a corner of the enclosure is a fence of logs, which Captain Standish calls a palisade, built to form a square. The fence is made like the sides of our houses; but the logs rise higher than the head of the tallest man.

There are two gates in the palisade, one on the side nearest the fort with the other directly opposite, and these can be fastened with heavy logs on the inside. All the people have been told that at the first signal of danger they must flee immediately inside the

fence of logs, after which the gates will be barred, and no person may go on the outside without permission from Captain Standish.

The six cannon have been taken to the top of the fort, and from there, we can hold in check a regular army of Indians; but God forbid that anything of the kind should be necessary after we have come to this new world desiring peace and with honest intentions toward all men.

Because it is not reasonable to suppose that any human being could wish to harm us, Sarah and I look upon that which is called a fort rather as a meeting-house than a place of defense. It really looks like a church, for the floor is covered with seats made of puncheon planks placed on short lengths of logs, while at one end is a desk for the preacher built in much the same fashion as the seats.

Here, also we children shall have a school as soon as a teacher can be persuaded to come over from England. As it is now, our parents teach us at home, and Father believes I can write as well as if I had been all this while at school in Scrooby. With both a meeting-house and a school it will seem as if we had indeed built a town in this vast wilderness.

8 A Day of Thanksgiving

The Harvest Festival

You shall now hear about our harvest festival which Governor Bradford declared should be called a day of thanksgiving. The Lord had been good to allow us to get from the earth, the sea, and the forest such a supply of food that we believed that famine would never again visit Plymouth.

It is true that the crop of peas had failed, but the barley was fairly good, and the Indian corn grew in abundance. Our people had caught a great many fish, and the hunters found in the forest a good supply of birds and animals. Already there were seven houses built, without counting the Common House and the fort with its palisade.

As soon as the harvest was over, the Governor sent four men out after such fowls and animals as might be taken, and in two days they killed enough to provide all the people of Plymouth with meat for at least a full week.

There were wild ducks in greatest number, turkeys, and small birds similar to pheasants. No less than twenty deer were killed, and it was good that we had such a bountiful supply for the thanksgiving festival, because on the day before the one appointed, Massasoit with ninety of his men came to Plymouth, bringing as gifts five deer, and it seemed as if the Indians did nothing more than eat continuously.

Instead of giving thanks on one particular day, as Governor Bradford had ordered, three days were spent in festivities unlike any we had seen since leaving our homes in England.

The deer and the big turkeys were roasted over fires built in the open air, and we had corn and barley bread, baked pumpkins, clams, lobsters, and fish until one was wearied by the sight of so much food.

Eating was not the only amusement during this thanksgiving time, for we played games much as we would have done in Scrooby.

There was running, jumping, and leaping by the men, stoolball for the boys, and hunting for those soldiers under Captain Standish who were not content with small sports.

How to Play Stoolball

I don't know if my friend Hannah has seen the game of stoolball as it is played in our village of Plymouth, because the players use no sticks nor bats, but strike the ball only with their hands. Of course

we have no real stools here as yet, because of the labor necessary to make them; but the lads who play the game take a short piece of puncheon board, bore three holes in it, and put in sticks to serve as legs.

These they place upon the ground behind them, and he who throws the ball strives to hit the stool rather than the player, who is allowed only to use his hands in warding it off. The player whose stool has been hit must himself throw the ball until he succeeds in striking another's stool.

Sarah and I had believed that at this festival time we would gather in the new meeting-house to praise the Lord for His wondrous goodness; but Master Bradford believed it would not be proper to mix religious services with worldly sports; therefore it was not until the next Sabbath Day that we heard lessons of the Bible explained from the pulpit.

Chapter 9
Visitors

When the *Fortune* Arrived

I hardly know how to begin telling you of that time when the first ship came into our harbor. It was not long after the day of thanksgiving when, early one morning, even before any of our people had begun work, someone cried out that a vessel was in sight.

It had been nearly a year since we landed on the shores of the new world, and in all that time we had seen no white people outside of our own company. Therefore you can fancy how excited we all were. Even Governor Bradford himself found it difficult to walk slowly down to the shore, while Sarah and I ran with frantic haste, as if fearing we might not be able to travel the short distance before the vessel was anchored and her crew landed.

If I should try to tell you how we felt on seeing this first vessel that visited Plymouth, it would hardly be

possible for me to write of anything else. Therefore it is that I shall not try to describe how we stood at the water's edge, every man, woman, and child in Plymouth, wrapped in furs until we must have looked like so many wild animals, watching every movement made by those on board the vessel, until a boat well-laden with men and women put off from her side.

Then we shouted boisterously, for it was nearly impossible to remain silent, and those who recognized familiar faces among the occupants of the shallop screamed a welcome to the new world and to our town of Plymouth until they were hoarse from shouting.

The ship which had come was the *Fortune,* and she brought to us thirty-six of those who had been left behind at Leyden. During fully two days we of Plymouth did little more than give our entire attention to these welcome visitors, hearing from them news of

our friends who were yet in Holland and telling again and again the story of sickness and famine with which we had become acquainted soon after landing from the *Mayflower.*

Possibility of Another Famine

When we were settled down, and our visitors were at work building homes for themselves, I heard Father and Master Brewster talking one evening about the addition to our number. I was surprised to learn that while they rejoiced at the coming of our friends, what might be in store for us in the future troubled them greatly.

The *Fortune* had brought from England only enough food to feed the passengers during the voyage across the ocean and the crew on her return. Therefore we had thirty-six more mouths to feed during the long winter, more than had been reckoned on when we held our festival of thanksgiving.

Until overhearing this conversation, I had not given a thought to anything save the pleasure in having so many more friends around us; but now, because Master Brewster and my father talked so seriously, I began to understand that we might again suffer for food even as we had during the last winter. Because our people were so disturbed regarding the store of provisions, the ship did not remain in the harbor as

long as would have pleased us. Governor Bradford told the captain that he must set sail while there was yet food enough in the ship to feed his crew during the voyage home, since we of Plymouth could not give him any.

The *Fortune,* however, did not go back empty. She was loaded full with the clapboards which our people had made during the summer, and, in addition, two hogsheads were filled with beaver and otter skins, the whole of the freight amounting in value, so I heard Captain Standish say, to about five hundred pounds sterling.

We were saddened when the ship left the harbor; but not so much as on the day the *Mayflower* sailed away. Having sent back in the *Fortune* goods of value, there was fair promise she would speedily return for more.

On Short Allowance

When the *Fortune* had gone, the men of our settlement took an exact account of all the provisions in the common store, as well as those belonging to the different families. The whole was divided in equal proportion among each one of us.

Then it was learned that we had no more in Plymouth to eat than would provide for our wants during six months. Since in that time there would not be another harvest, it was decided by the governor and the chief men of the village that each person should be given a certain amount less than the appetite craved. Captain Standish called it short allowance.

Sarah and I were faint at heart on learning of this decision, for it seemed as if during this winter we were to live again in the misery we had known the past season of cold and frost, when we hunted the leaves of the checkerberry plant and chewed the gum of the spruce trees to satisfy our hunger.

Those who had come over in the *Fortune* to join us were grieved to have caused us such hardship. It was a matter which could not be helped, and we of the *Mayflower* strove earnestly not to speak of the possible distress which might be ours, lest our new friends might think we were reproaching them.

A Threatening Message

It was not many days after we had learned that we might be hungry before another harvest should come, when an Indian, whom we had never seen before, came to Plymouth, asking for our chief. He delivered to Governor Bradford a bundle of arrows which were tied together with a great snakeskin.

It so happened that Squanto was in the village, and he explained to our people that the sending of the arrows tied in the snakeskin was a threat, which meant that those from whom it had come would soon make an attack upon us. He also declared that the messenger was from the nation of the Narragansetts, of whom I have already told you.

The governor consulted with the chief men of Plymouth as to what should be done. Squanto was instructed to tell the Narragansett messenger that if his people would rather have war than peace,

they might begin as soon as pleased them, for we of Plymouth had done the Narragansetts no wrong, neither did we fear any tribe of Indians. Then the snakeskin was filled with bullets, as a sign that the Indians would not find us unprepared when they made an attack. This was given to the messenger that he might carry it back to those who had sent him.

That night when Mother mourned because it seemed certain war would soon be upon us, Father spoke lightly of the matter, as if it were something of no great importance. However, both Sarah and I took notice that from the hour the Narragansett messenger left Plymouth, there were two men stationed on top of the fort night and day and a certain store of provisions taken inside, as if the food might be used there rather than in our homes.

We girls knew nothing whatsoever about warfare, but had common sense enough to understand from such preparations that our fathers were holding themselves ready and expecting an attack by the Indians within a very short time.

10 Daily Life

Pine Knots and Candles

Perhaps you would like to know how we light our homes in the evening since we have no tallow, for of course people who own neither hogs, sheep, cows, nor oxen do not have that which is needed for candles.

We find our candles among the trees, and the forest is of such extent that it would seem as if all the world might get an ample store of material to make light. We use knots from the pitch pine trees or wood from the same tree split into thin sheets or slices. The greatest trouble is that the wood is filled with a substance, which we at first thought was pitch, that boils out by reason of the heat and drops on whatever may be beneath.

Captain Standish has lately discovered, and truly he is a wonderful man for finding out hidden things,

that the substance from the candle wood, as we call the pitch pine, is turpentine or tar. Our people are now preparing these things to be sent back to England for sale, with the hope that we shall get sufficient money to purchase the animals we need so sorely.

I would not have you think that there are no real candles here in Plymouth, for when the *Fortune* came, her captain had a certain number of tallow candles which he sold; but they are such luxuries as can be afforded only on great occasions. Mother has, wrapped carefully in moss, two of them for which Father paid eight pence apiece, and she blamed him greatly for having spent so much money,

at the same time declaring that they should not be used except upon some great event, such as when the evening meeting is held at our house.

Tallow from Bushes

Squanto has shown us how we may get that which looks very much like tallow. Of this Mother has made many well-shaped candles.

You must know that in this country there grows a bush which some call the tallow shrub. Others claim it should be named the candleberry tree, while Captain Standish insists it is the bayberry bush.

This plant bears berries somewhat red and speckled with white, as if you had thrown powdered clam shells on them.

I gathered nearly twelve quarts last week, and Mother put them in a large pot filled with water, which she places over the fire.

After these berries have been cooked a certain time, that which looks like fat is stewed out of them and floats on the top of the water.

Mother skims it off into one of the four earthen vessels we brought with us from Scrooby, and when cold, it looks very much like tallow, save that it is of a greenish color. After being made into candles and burned, it gives off an odor which to some is unpleasant; but I think it very sweet to the nostrils.

Wicks for the Candles

I suppose you are wondering how it is we get the wicks for the candles. Well, you must know that there is a plant which grows here plentifully, called milkweed. It has a silken down, silver in color, and we children gather it in the late summer. It is spun coarsely into wicks.

When candle-making time comes, I wish there were other children in this household besides me, for the work is hard and disagreeable, to say nothing of being very greasy, and I would gladly share it with sisters or brothers.

Because of not having kitchen furniture in plenty, Mother hangs the half-dipped wicks across the wooden tub which we brought with us in the *Mayflower.*

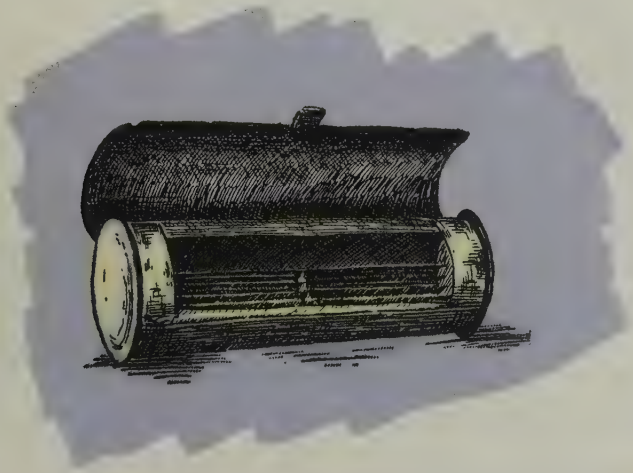
Dipping the Candles

It is my task to hang six or eight of the milkweed wicks, taking good care that they are straight, which is not easy to accomplish, for though the down is silvery and soft when first gathered, it twists harshly, and of course, there can be no bends or kinks in a properly made candle.

Mother dips perhaps eight of these wicks at a time into a pot of bayberry wax, and after they have been so treated six or eight times, they are of sufficient size, for our vegetable tallow sticks in greater quantities than that which comes from an animal.

My mother is a famous candle-maker, and I have known her to make as many as one hundred and fifty in a single day.

The candle box which Hannah's uncle gave us is of great convenience, for since it has on the inside



a hollow for each candle, there is little danger that any will be broken. We also put in the half-burned candles, for we cannot afford to waste even the tiniest scraps of tallow.

When James Runs Away

When the second winter had begun, and the snow lay deep all around, Sarah and I were forced to remain a good portion of the time within our homes. Those men who were not needed to cut firewood were hunting and setting traps in the hope of adding to the store of provisions which was so scanty after it had been divided among those who came in the *Fortune*. Sarah and I had little else to do than remember the summer, when all the country was good to look upon instead of being imprisoned by the frost.

We remembered the time when James Billington, son of John, caused us all such a fright by his wayward behavior.

I must set it down that James was not a favorite with anyone save his parents, but seemed ever watching for an opportunity to make trouble for others. Just before the harvest time he succeeded in throwing the entire village into a state of confusion and anxiety.

One afternoon, it was noted by Sarah and me that, contrary to his usual custom, James had not prowled around where we children were at work in the fields

trying to annoy us. We spoke of the fact as if it was an unusually pleasant incident, little dreaming of the trouble which was to follow.

That night, while Father was reading from the Bible and explaining to us the more difficult passages, Mrs. Billington came to our home, asking if we had seen her son.

Even then, little heed was given to the fact that the boy had not returned for his share of the scanty supper; but about an hour later everyone in the settlement was summoned by the beating of the drum, and then we learned that James Billington had disappeared.

The first thought was that some of the Indians had carried him away, and, acting upon the governor's orders, Captain Standish set off with eight men to hunt for the missing lad.

I have never heard all the story of the search; but I know that they visited more than one of the Indian villages. Squanto was found at Nauset, and, aided by some of his friends, he speedily got on the track of the missing boy.

Captain Standish and his men were absent three days before they came back, bringing James Billington. When his mother took him in her arms, rejoicing over his return as if he had really escaped some dreadful danger, Governor Bradford commanded that she and her husband punish James severely. The boy had willfully run away, planning to turn Indian because they were not obliged to work in the fields.

Indian Threats

It was during this summer that we had good cause for alarm. Word was brought by Samoset that a large party of Massasoit's people, angry because he had shown us favor, were bent on attacking him and us with the intent to destroy entirely our town of Plymouth.

Captain Standish marched forth once more, this time with twelve men at his heels. I heard John Alden tell my father that the brave soldier went directly to the village of those angry Indians, and without the shedding of blood, took from them all their weapons.

It seems more like some wild fancy than the sober truth, to say that twelve men could, without striking a blow in anger, overcome no less than sixty Indians. Yet such was the case, for John Alden is known to be a truthful man, and Captain Standish is not given to boasting.

The long dreary winter passed slowly, and during many days we of Plymouth were hungry, although we did have sufficient food to keep us from actual starvation. Yet never once did I hear any complaining because of our having been brought to such straits through the neglect of those who came in the *Fortune*.

Long Hours of Preaching

We went more often to the meeting-house in the fort than would have been the case had our bodily comfort been greater, and Elder Brewster preached to us more fervently than he might have done if his stomach had not been hungry.

Every Sabbath Day from nine o'clock in the morning until noon, and after that from noon to dark, did we sing, or pray, or listen to the elder's words of truth, all the while being hungry, and a goodly portion of the time cold unto the verge of freezing.

My mother claimed that there was no reason why we should not have a fireplace in the meeting-house, even if none but the children might be allowed to approach it. But Elder Brewster insisted that to think of bodily suffering while engaged in the worship of God was much the same as a sin, and it seemed to Sarah and me as if his preaching was prolonged when the cold was most intense.

Again and again I have sat on the puncheon benches, my feet numbed with the frost and my teeth chattering until it was necessary to thrust the corner of Mother's mantle into my mouth to prevent unseemly noise. I almost envied Master Hopkins when he walked from his bench to the pulpit in order to turn the hourglass for the second or third time, because of his having a chance to exercise his limbs.

You must know that, having no clocks, the time in the meeting-house is marked by an hourglass, and it is the duty of one of the leading men of the settlement to turn it when the sand runs out. Therefore, when Master Hopkins has turned it the second time, showing that the third hour of the sermon has begun, I am so worldly minded and so cold as to rejoice, because I know that Elder Brewster seldom preaches more than three hours.

John Alden's Tubs

It was during this winter that John Alden spent three days in our home, making for Mother two tubs which are fair to look upon and of such size that we are no longer troubled on washdays to throw away the soapy water in order to rinse the clothes which have already been cleansed. You may think it

strange to hear me speak thus of the waste of soapy water, because in Scrooby you have soap in abundance, while here in this new land we are put to great stress through lack of it.

It would not be so bad if all the housewives would make a generous quantity, but there are some among us who are not as industrious as others and dislike the labor of making soap. They fail to provide sufficiently for themselves, but depend upon borrowing, thus spending the stores of those who have prepared for the future.

Well, as I have said, the winter passed, and we were come to the second summer after making this settlement of Plymouth.

Once more famine was staring us in the face, therefore every man, woman, and child, save those chosen to go fishing, was sent into the fields for the planting.

11
Our Neighbors

English Visitors

It was while our people were out fishing that they were met by a great surprise. A shallop was steering as if to come into the harbor, and in her were many men.

At first our fishermen feared the visitors might be Frenchmen who had come with some evil intent; but nevertheless our people approached boldly and soon learned that the shallop came from a ship nearby, which Master Weston had sent out fishing from a place on the coast called Damarins Cove.

This Master Weston was one of those merchants who had aided us in leaving England, but after our departure had decided to send a colony on his own account, and those people settled at Wessagussett.

The reason why the shallop came toward our village of Plymouth was that Master Weston's ship had brought

over seven men who wished to join us, and they had with them letters from our friends at home.

It was unfortunate that they had no extra food, and thus it was that there were more mouths for us to feed from our scanty store.

A few weeks later we heard that a company of men from England had begun to build a village within twenty-five miles of Plymouth. There is little need for me to say that we rejoiced to learn of neighbors in this wilderness, but were more than surprised because the ship which brought them over the seas had not come into our harbor.

Visiting the Neighors

The fact that another village was to be built so near that we might call upon the people for aid was

of great importance in the eyes of Governor Bradford. He sent Captain Standish and six men at once to visit our neighbors. This he did not only in order to appear friendly, but with the hope that from the newcomers we might be able to add to our store of food.

It was a great disappointment to all when the captain came back with the report that the new settlers were of Master Weston's company. "They are a quarrelsome group, and have already fought with the Indians after having received favors from them," Captain Standish said to my father, when he had made his report to the governor. "One Thomas Weston is the leader, and if he continues as he has begun, there will soon be an end of the entire party."

Instead of getting food from them for our needs, it is more than likely that we may be called upon to save them from starvation. From the first they stole corn from the Indians, or took it by force, and it seemed certain they could not continue such a lawless course until harvest time.

Why More Fish Are Not Taken

I can well fancy you are asking how it is we complain thus about the scarcity of food, when you know that the sea is filled with fish.

Captain Standish declares that there are no less than two hundred different kinds to be found off this

coast, and lobsters are at some seasons so plentiful that the smallest boy may go out and get as many as he can carry. I myself have seen one so large that I could hardly lift it, and Father says its weight was more than twenty pounds.

You will say that if we could send out a certain number of our people in boats to get food from the sea, what should prevent us from taking as much as would be necessary for our wants during one year? I myself put that same question to Father one night last winter while we were hungry. Mother and I sat chewing the dried leaves of the checkerberry plant which ground to powder between our teeth. Father answered me bitterly:

"It is owing to our own shortsightedness, my daughter; to our neglect to understand what might be met with in this new world. Those who made ready for the voyage believed we should find food here in abundance; but yet had no reason for such belief. It was known that we were to go into the wilderness, and yet, perhaps it was thought that we should find in the forest so many fowls and animals as would serve for all our needs."

"But why do we not take more fish, Father?" I asked, speaking because such conversation served to keep my mind from the hunger which was heavy upon me.

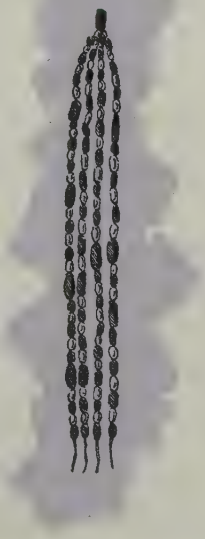
"Because of not having the lines, the hooks, or the nets with which to catch a larger store. When the

Fortune sailed for home, Governor Bradford sent to the people in London who had made ready the *Mayflower,* urging that they send in the next ship which may come to this land such fishing gear as is needed. When that reaches us, then shall we be able not only to guard against another time of famine; but have enough cured fish to bring us money sufficient to buy other things we now need."

And thus speaking of money reminds me to set down what the Indians use instead of gold and silver coins.

How Wampum Is Made

You must know that the Indians have no tools of iron or steel; but perform all their work by means of fire and sharp pieces of stone. In order to have something that can be called money, they get from the dark spots which are found in clam shells beads about one-eighth of an inch in thickness and an inch long.



These they call wampum and string them on threads cut from the skin of a deer. Because it takes a great deal of labor to make them, these bits of wampum are valued as highly by

the Indians as we value gold or silver. The Indian who would hoard up his wealth that it may be seen of others makes of these strings of wampum a belt many inches broad.

It is convenient to wear these belts, for when the owner wishes to buy something, he has merely to take off one or two strings from the belt, thereby decreasing the width ever so slightly.

When Massasoit came to Plymouth, he wore three of these wampum belts, and among those who followed him I saw five or six who had an equal number.

Ministering to Massasoit

It was early in this second springtime when Samoset brought word into the village that Massasoit was ill unto death and those jealous Indians whom Captain Standish had disarmed so valiantly were only waiting until their king should die before they made an attack upon our town.

This news was believed to be of such importance that straightway Governor Bradford commanded Captain Standish to gather as many of his men as could be spared from Plymouth and go at once to Massasoit's village.

This of itself would have received little attention from my parents or me, but the governor suggested that Master Winslow, who had shown himself to have

some considerable knowledge regarding sickness, go and try to lend the chief some aid.

It was a fearsome time for everyone. We knew that many of Massasoit's people were awaiting an opportunity to attack us, and, when Master Winslow should go into the village among so many enemies, it was feared the Indians might fall upon him, knowing the chief was so ill he could not give the white man any help.

During eight long, weary days we waited for the return of Master Winslow, fearing each hour that he was no longer in this world, and then, to our great relief, he came into the village late one evening while my mother and I were praying for his safe-keeping.

Master Winslow had been most fortunate in the visit, for the good Lord allowed the Indian chief to be restored to health, and by way of showing his gratitude for what had been done, Massasoit told Master Winslow that the white people of Wessagussett had treated the Indians so badly that a plot was on foot to kill not only them but also us at Plymouth.

The Plot Thwarted

It was the same news which Samoset had brought us, and there could no longer be any doubt as to its truth.

Captain Standish had come back only to set out again, for when Master Winslow told Governor Bradford what Massasoit had said, several of our men were sent in haste to the place where Master Weston's men were making so much mischief. Again we of Plymouth waited in anxious suspense until that day when Captain Standish and his men returned once more to the village.

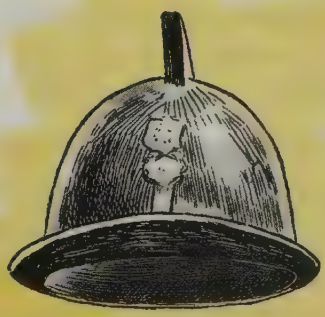
It was believed by Father that the Indians, knowing we had ever treated them fairly and justly, would no longer hold enmity against us of Plymouth.

Chapter 12
A New Church

Ballots of Corn

We have come to put the Indian corn to another use than that of eating, for it has been agreed to let the kernels serve as ballots in public voting.

Each man may put into Standish's iron cap a single kernel of the corn to show that it is his intent to elect whomsoever had been spoken of for this or that office. If a bean be cast, it counts against him who desires to be elected, and a law has already been made which says "if any man shall put more than one Indian corn or bean into Captain Standish's helmet in time of public election, he shall pay no less than ten pounds in lawful money."



Arrival of the *Ann*

And now, because there is so much excitement, owing to the frequent coming and going of strangers, which neither Sarah nor I can well understand, I will set down, in as few words as may be possible, only such news as seems important, beginning with the time before our second harvesting.

Then the ship *Ann* came, bringing more people, and, fortunately, a considerable store of food. In this ship were the wives and children of some of our company who had come over in the *Mayflower.* How joyous was the meeting between those who had long been separated. Sarah and I could see, however, that more than one of these women were disappointed, having most likely allowed themselves to believe their husbands were gathering riches in the new world. I heard one who found her husband clad in rags wish that she and her children were in England again.

When the ship *Ann* went back to England, my mother and I were left alone. It was decided by the head men of the town that Master Edward Winslow should go to England to look after certain business affairs of the colony and to buy some cows. The sorrow of it was that my father was chosen to journey with Master Winslow.

We were exceedingly lonely and should have felt even more desolate, but Captain Standish and John Alden both did whatever they could to cheer us.

The *Little James* Comes to Port

It was while we were alone that the ship *Little James* came, bringing fifty men, women, and children to be joined to our colony, and when they were settled, it seemed as if Plymouth was much the same as a city, with so many people coming and going.

With the food which had been brought in the *Ann* and the *Little James* and with the bountiful harvest we reaped in the fall, there was no longer any fear of famine; and with so many hands to make light work there was no good reason why we should not have a meeting-house to be used for no other purpose than to worship God.

The New Meeting-House

It was after the harvest time that the people set about building the church. So that it might be recognized from the outside to be a building other than for living purposes, the logs, instead of being set upright in the earth, were laid lengthwise and notched at the ends in a most secure fashion with a roof that rises to a peak like those on the houses in Scrooby.

The very best oiled paper is set in the windows. There is a real floor of puncheon boards, which we keep well covered with the white sand from the shore,

and Priscilla Mullens spends much time drawing with a stick fanciful figures in the glistening covering, causing it to look like a real carpet.

There are benches sufficient for all, and at that end opposite the door is the preacher's desk, over which hangs a sounding board. It is not delicately fashioned like the one at Scrooby, but made of puncheons, yet it serves well the purpose of allowing the preacher's voice to seem louder.

Elder Brewster still believes that it would be wrong for us to have a fireplace in the meetinghouse, because one who truly worships his Maker should be willing to sacrifice his comfort. One Sabbath Day, when the elder's sermon was so long that the hourglass had been turned three times by the tithingman, and the sand was already running well for the fourth time, I believed that my feet were really frozen.

But I did not even shuffle them on the floor, because once when I did so, my mother read me a most serious lesson when we were at home again, and that very evening Elder Brewster spoke in meeting of children who disturb by unseemly noise those who had gathered for worship.

John Alden, who is ever ready to do what he can for the comfort of others, has now nailed bags made of wolf skins on the benches, into which we may thrust our feet to keep them warm.

The Church Service

Captain Standish has taught Nathan Bean how to drum, and he summons our people to church before nine o'clock in the morning and one o'clock in the afternoon.

It is that part of the meeting-house on the right side as you go in, that has been set apart for the women and girls. The men have their benches on the opposite side, while the boys, except the very, very little ones, sit directly under the preacher's desk, where all may know if they behave themselves. Sarah says it would be much to the comfort of us girls if even the baby boys could be thus set apart by themselves.

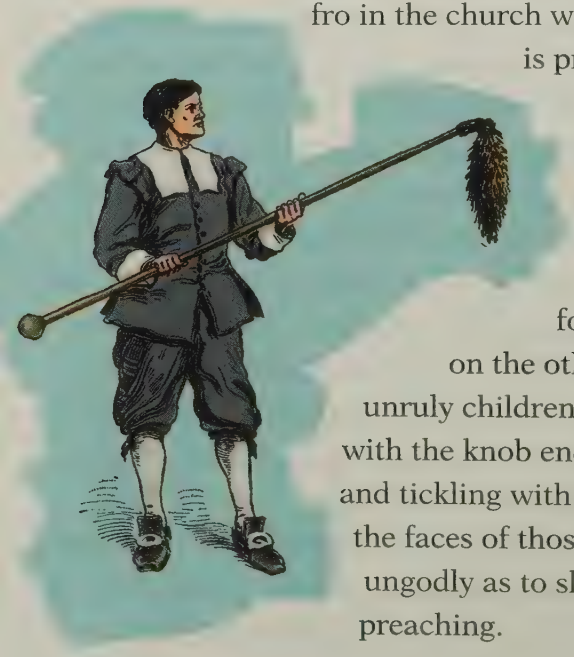
Deacon Chadwick leads the congregation in the songs of praise, by reading each line, for we have only four psalm books here. Then we sing the words he has read; so it goes on throughout all the psalm, causing the music to sound halting and unequal.

When the meeting is over, and the morning service is nearly always finished within four hours, we remain in our seats until the preacher and his wife have gone out. After this the men march around to the deacon's bench and leave there furs or corn, money or wampum, as gifts toward the support of the preaching. Sometimes, when I have a feeling of faintness from the cold and long hours of sitting, I cannot help envying the preacher and his wife being able to leave early.

The Tithingmen

The tithingmen are elected as town officers, and each has ten families to visit during the week, when they hear the children recite their lessons for the next Sabbath Day. It is their duty to see that every person goes to the meeting-house on Sabbath Day, with no loitering on the way. Even after the preaching is over and we have returned to our homes, they march up and down the street to prevent us from straying out of doors until the Sabbath is at a close.

My mother believes, and so do I, that it would be better if the tithingmen refrained from walking to and fro in the church while the elder is preaching. But they do, each carrying a stick which has a knob on one end and a fox or wolf tail on the other, striking the unruly children on the head with the knob end of the stick and tickling with the fox tail the faces of those who are so ungodly as to sleep during the preaching.



Chapter 13
New Luxuries

Master Winslow Brings Home Cows

I despair of trying to make you understand how thankful we were to God when the ship, in which Master Winslow and Father returned, sailed into the harbor.

It seemed to me as if I should never have enough of looking at Father or feeling the pressure of his hand upon my head after he had thus been gone for eight weary months. Strange to say, the others in the town thought it more pleasing to look at the cattle which Master Winslow brought than at our people who had come back to us.

Yes, in the ship *Charity,* on which Master Winslow and Father came, were three cows and a bull, and you who have never known the lack of butter, cheese, and milk, cannot understand how grateful our people were for such things.

The animals were no sooner on shore and eating greedily, than straightway we pictured to ourselves a large herd of cows, such as are seen in England. When for the first time we saw the milk, a spoonful was given to each person in order that he or she might once more know the taste of it.

In the same vessel came a preacher, named John Lyford, a ship carpenter, and a man who is skilled in making salt. Therefore does it seem now as if our town of Plymouth could boast of nearly as many comforts and conveniences as the people at Scrooby.

The return of Father and Master Winslow, the coming of the animals, the arrival of the salt man and the preacher were not the only things for which we had to give thanks.

A Real Oven

Father brought from England enough bricks to make an oven by the side of our fireplace, and thus it was that we were the first family in Plymouth who could bake bread or roast meats, as the people in England do.

This oven is built on one side of the fireplace, with a hole near the top for the smoke to go through. It has a door of real iron, with an ash pit below, so that we may save the ashes for soap-making without storing them in another place.

At first the oven was kept busily at work for the benefit of our neighbors, being heated each day, but for our own needs it is used once a week. A great fire of dried wood is kept burning in the oven from morning until noon to thoroughly heat the bricks. Then the coals and ashes are swept out; the chimney draught is closed, and the oven is filled with whatever we have to cook. A portion of our bread is baked in the two pans which Mother owns; but the rest of it we lay on green leaves, and it is cooked quite as well, although one is forced to scrape a few cinders from the bottom of the loaf.

Butter and Cheese

Can you imagine how Sarah and I feasted when, for the first time in four years, we had milk to drink and butter and cheese to eat?

You must not believe that we drank milk freely, for there are many people in Plymouth, all of whom had been hungering for it even as Sarah and I had. Father claimed that each must have a certain share, therefore it is a great feast day with us when we have a large spoonful on our pudding or to drink.

John Alden made a most beautiful churn for Mother; but many a long month passed before we could get cream enough to make butter, because everyone was so eager for the milk. Now, however, when

there are seventeen cows in this town of ours, we not only have butter on special occasions; but twice each year Mother makes a cheese.

The Settlement at Wessagussett

Because I have spent so much time trying to describe how we lived when we first came to this new world, I must hasten over that which occurred from day to day, in order to tell you what seems to me of the most importance, without giving heed to the time when the events took place.

I have already told you of the village at Wessagussett, which was built by men who had been sent to this land by Master Weston. They were driven away by Captain Standish because they caused so much mischief among the Indians that our own lives were in danger.

Well, it was not long after Captain Standish had punished them, before one and then another came back to the huts, and we at Plymouth learned of their doings through Samoset or Squanto.

Had they been God-fearing people, willing to obey our laws, Governor Bradford would have welcomed them right gladly; but because of their refusing to do that which was right and their giving themselves up to riotous living, our fathers could do no less than hold them at a distance.

Then it was that one Master Thomas Morton, who came over in the *Charity* and lived among us in Plymouth a short time, claimed that the evil-doers at Wessagussett were being wronged by us. He even went so far as to tell Governor Bradford to his face that he was stiff-necked and straight-laced, preaching what decent men could not practice.

The Village of Merry Mount

After such a shameful outburst, it did not surprise anyone that he joined those at Wessagussett, and perhaps

it was as well that he did so, for he would not have been permitted to remain longer in Plymouth.

Master Morton changed the name of the village to Merry Mount, and it has been said that everyone there gave himself over to riotous living. They sold firearms and strong drink to the Indians, until Captain Standish could no longer hold his temper in check, and he laid the matter before Governor Bradford and the chief men of the town.

Then the governor sent a letter to Master Morton by Squanto, telling him that for the safety of all the white people he ought to stop teaching the Indians how to use firearms which might one day be turned against us.

To this Master Morton replied that he had sold firearms to the Indians and would do so as long as he liked. He said his doings did not concern us of Plymouth and that no man could make him do other than as he pleased.

After reading the letter from Master Morton, the governor sent Captain Standish with fourteen men to Merry Mount, and Sarah's father told her that there was a disagreeable battle before the captain could bring Master Morton away. He was kept in Plymouth until a vessel sailed for England, taking him back, much against his will. Those who were so venturesome as to talk with him before he left, claim that he threatened to come back at some later day, when he would have revenge upon the governor and the captain.

The First School

I must not forget to tell you that last year a school opened, in that part of the old fort which was first used as a meeting-house. John Lyford began the school, teaching all children whose parents could pay him a certain amount either in wampum, beaver skins, corn, wheat, peas, or money.

Sarah and I went for seven weeks and would have remained while school was open, but Master Lyford wrote letters to his friends in England, saying many false things concerning us of Plymouth. Father declared that I should go on with my studies at home, rather than be taught by a man who was doing all he could to bring reproach upon our village.

I felt sorry because of Master Lyford's having done that which gave rise to ill feelings among our people, since it resulted in his being sent away from Plymouth. It would not have given me sorrow to see him go, for to my mind he was not a friendly man; but it seemed much like a great loss to the village when the school was closed.

Too Much Smoke

It would surprise you to know how comfortable everything was in the school. It seemed almost as if we children were being allowed to give too much

attention to the pleasures of this world, though I must confess that during the first hour of the morning session we were distressed by the smoke.

When the room had been used as a Sabbath Day meeting-house, there was neither chimney nor fireplace. But when the place was turned into a schoolroom, it was necessary to have warmth, if for no other reason than to save the smaller children from being frostbitten.

John Billington was hired to build a fireplace and chimney, and, as all in Plymouth know, he dislikes work as much as his son James. Therefore, he failed to make the chimney high enough above the top of the fort to admit a fair draught, and we were sorely troubled with smoke until the fire had gained good headway.

It was the duty of the boys to provide wood and keep the fire burning; while we girls kept the room swept and clean, all of which tended to give us a greater interest in the school.

School Comforts

For our convenience when learning to write, puncheon planks were fastened to the four sides of the room, with stakes on the front edges to serve as legs in order to hold them in a sloping position. At these desklike contrivances we stood while using a pen, or

working at arithmetic with strips of birch-bark instead of paper. The same benches which had been built when the room was our meeting-house, served as seats when we needed to rest our legs.

Master Lyford built for himself a desk in the center of the room, where he could overlook us all. So great was his desire for comfort, which was one of the complaints made against him by Governor Bradford, that he had fastened a short piece of puncheon plank to one side of the log which served as a chair, so that he might lean his back against it when he was weary.

Chapter 14

The Other Settlers

New Villages

While I have been setting down all these things that you might know how we lived here in the wilderness, other villages have been built around us until we can no longer say we are alone or that our only neighbors are those Englishmen in Virginia.

We have heard there are white men living on the river called Saco. At the mouth of the river Piscataqua and higher up the stream, Squanto declares there is a village called Cochecho.

At Pemaquid, and on the nearby island of Monhegan, are settlements whose dwellers are nearly all fishermen who send their catch to England.

One Captain Wollaston, with between thirty and forty men, began to make a village on the seashore not more than fifty miles from here; but he soon tired of battling with the wilderness and set sail with all his people for Virginia.

Master John Oldham, who came to Plymouth with Master Lyford, had hot words with Governor Bradford and set off for a place called Nantasket, where, in company with four other discontented ones of our village, he aims to make a town.

Nearby Plymouth, if one makes the journey by boat, is a town called Salem, lately set up with Master Endicott as the governor, wherein live more than two hundred people. It has been said that another company are making homes on Massachusetts Bay, calling the place Charlestown.

Therefore you can see how fast this new world is being covered with villages and towns, and we who were the first to gain a foothold in the wilderness are surrounded by neighbors until it seems as if the land were really thronged with people.

Making Ready for a Journey

Not two months ago my father got word that among those who had come to build homes at the place already named Salem were many of our old friends whom we left behind at Leyden, and I was nearly wild with delight when he said to my mother:

"We have earned a time of rest, and if it be to your liking we will take Mary and go as far as Salem to greet those friends of ours who have so lately come from Leyden."

Since the day on which we landed from the *Mayflower,* I had not been allowed to stray above half a mile from the village, and now I was to journey like a princess, with nothing to do but seek pleasure and amusement.

Then, remembering how sad at heart Sarah would be if we were parted after having been together these ten years, I boldly asked my mother if she might journey with us, and after speaking with my father, she gave her consent.

There is no need for me to tell you that we two girls were wondrously happy and excited at the idea of visiting strange people.

When Captain Standish heard of what Father counted on doing, he offered to join the party, saying that it would gladden him to see a friendly face from

Leyden. It was his idea that we go in the shallop, taking with us John Alden to aid in working the vessel.

You can well fancy that Sarah and I were pleased to have the captain with our party, for he has ever been a good friend of ours. As for John Alden, if Mistress Priscilla was willing to spare him from home, we were content, knowing he was at all times ready as well as eager to do his full share of whatsoever labor might be at hand.

Clothing for the Salem Company

Just fancy! The Massachusetts Bay Company gave to each man and boy who came from England to Salem four pairs of shoes, and four pairs of stockings to wear with them, a stout pair of garters, four shirts, two jackets, and hose of leather lined with oiled skin. As if that were not enough, they also received a woolen suit lined with leather, two handkerchiefs, and a green cotton waistcoat. Then came a leather belt, a woolen cap, a black hat, two red knit caps, two pairs of gloves, a cloak lined with cotton, and an extra pair of breeches.

Is it any wonder that Sarah and I were eager to see these gentlemen who must have needed a baggage ship in order to bring over their finery. Think of people coming into the wilderness outfitted in such extravagant fashion as that!

Surely they should be able to live comfortably and without anxiety for the future, because the company that sent them to build the town of Salem took good care that they were supplied with provisions until they had sown and reaped.

If we of Plymouth had come so loaded with clothes and food, we should have been spared many a sad day when an empty stomach scantily covered with thin clothing knew at the same time the biting of the frost and the gnawing of hunger.

Preparing Food for the Journey

During one full week before our journey, Mother and I worked from daylight until dark making ready the food, for it was no slight task to prepare enough to fill the stomachs of all our company.

It is true that we would be housed and fed in Salem; but no one could say how the voyage might be prolonged, if the wind proved contrary, therefore it was wise to prepare for a long passage lest we suffer from hunger along the way.

We made nookick enough, as Father said, for the Plymouth army, and of cornmeal and pumpkin bread no less than twenty large loaves. We had a sweet pudding in a bag for each person. Captain Standish had shot two wild ducks as his portion of the stores,

and these had been roasted until they were of a most delicious brown shade, causing one's mouth to water when looking at them.

Father had cut up the salted and pickled fish until it could be stored in gourds, and John Alden caught lobsters enough to prevent our suffering from hunger during at least two days.

We had two pumpkins freshly roasted, which would remain sweet a long while. We also had half of a small cheese, a pat of butter as a luxury, and much more which I cannot remember.

Before Sailing for Salem

The hind part of the shallop was partly filled with dried beach grass, that we might have a soft bed if we were still on the voyage when night came. In the forward portion of the vessel was a keg filled with sweet spring water, and thus you see, everything had been done to minister to our comfort.

I was half afraid Elder Brewster might force us to wait beyond the day appointed for leaving, in order to read us more than one lesson on the sin of over-indulgence; but, fortunately, he could not take the time to oversee the preparations, because of building a new chimney on his house, the old one having burned on Saturday night.

On the evening before we sailed, many of our neighbors came in to pray with us that God would have us in His holy keeping while we wandered so far from home. My eyes were filled to overflowing when Elder Brewster made special mention of Sarah and me, asking that we might not be led from straight paths by the sight of so much worldly vanity as was likely waiting for us in that town of Salem, which had grown so suddenly and so rapidly.

Sarah stayed with us on that night, and after we were gone to bed in the kitchen we could hardly close our eyes, so great was our excitement as we thought of all the strange sights we were likely to see. I believe that we had not been asleep more than an hour, when Mother came to make ready the morning meal.

It was yet dark; but Father planned to start as soon as day broke, and there was much to be done before that time. We ate hurriedly of the cornmeal pudding, and then Captain Standish and John Alden came to join us in the service of praise. I am afraid

my sin was great, for I could hardly keep my mind on the prayer, so eager did I feel to begin the journey.

Elder Brewster has told us children again and again that we are offending God when we allow our thoughts to stray while He is being worshiped, and even with his warning in mind, I could not but wonder why Father's prayer was so much longer on that morning than ever before. Twice I heard Captain Standish cough while we were on our knees, and I was so wicked as to feel pleased because he, like me, had grown impatient.

Chapter 15

We Visit Salem

The Journey

The day had not fully dawned when we marched down to the shore where the shallop lay at anchor. Though it was early, we found nearly all the townspeople gathered to bid us Godspeed on the dangerous journey. One would have thought we were planning to travel as far as England, to judge from the looks of

sorrow on the faces of our friends, and we did not go aboard the small vessel until Elder Brewster had prayed once more for our safe return. It would be impossible for me to describe the pleasure which Sarah and I had during the journey. It was our first voyage in so small a vessel, but we were not afraid, for the sea was as smooth as velvet, save where it was ruffled here and there by the gentle breeze which filled the sail of the shallop.

Both my father and Captain Standish fretted because there was not wind enough to send us along at a quicker pace; but we girls were well content with the slow progress, since it would prolong our pleasure.

As the day passed, we ate, and each one chose a position that was best suited to comfort. Father pointed out to us certain landmarks on the coast, which he said had been set down by Captain John Smith of Virginia when he journeyed in this region, and John Alden told of settlers who had begun to make plantations on the shores of Massachusetts Bay.

At noon Father read from the Bible, while John Alden steered, and after prayer Mother spoke with Captain Standish concerning friends in Holland.

It was as if this carried the captain's mind back to the time when he had been an officer in the Dutch army, for straightway he began telling stories of adventure and thrilling escapes from death, until Sarah and I were at the same time entranced and alarmed. Even though I longed to have him continue, it was a relief

when he changed the subject to speculate upon what the future might hold for us of Plymouth.

When night came, we were yet at sea, and Mother, Sarah, and I lay down on the dry beach grass in the bottom of the boat. Father once more prayed that the Lord would hold us, as He does the sea, in the hollow of His hand. We slept as sweetly as if in our own beds at Plymouth, never once awakening until Captain Standish cried out that we should open our eyes to the glory of the sunrise.

The Arrival at Salem

We were then near the village of Salem, and there was just time in which to eat breakfast and join with Father in thanks to God for saving us through the night.

Captain Standish carried each of us ashore, wading in the sea knee-deep to do so, and after we were

standing on the sand, the vessel was pushed off at anchor, lest she should run aground when the tide went down.

Then we went into the village, where already more than thirty houses had been built. Father and Captain Standish walked in the lead, while John Alden remained by Mother; and we girls followed on behind, soberly and slowly, even though our hearts were beating fast with excitement.

Not for long were we left to our own devices. As soon as we were seen by one of the women, all our party were made welcome to Salem, and when it was learned that we had come from Plymouth in the hope of meeting those whom we had known at Leyden, it was as if every person in the village made effort to entertain us.

Sight-Seeing in Salem

I must set it down that Sarah and I were somewhat disappointed with Salem. There was no such show of luxury and vanity as we had been led to expect, after learning how wondrously these people had been supplied with clothes. The houses were no better than those in our own village of Plymouth, and, save that there was pickled beef and pork in great abundance, the food was no more tempting.

The adults in our little company speedily found old friends whom they had parted with in Leyden; but Sarah and I, having been so young when we left Holland, could not remember any of the children. We wandered here and there however, being greeted by strangers as if we were old friends, comparing all we saw with Plymouth, and coming to believe that ours was the better home.

Back to Plymouth

I believe we looked forward to going back quite as eagerly as we had to coming. Right glad were we all,

including Captain Standish, when we said good-by to the people of Salem and sailed toward Plymouth.

"It is well that we go abroad at times, if for no other reason than to learn how dear is our own hearthstone," the captain said in a tone of content, as he sat in the bottom of the boat with his back against the mast. Then he fell to telling Sarah and me stories, tiring not until we were once more at home, for the return voyage was exceedingly speedy.

And now, because I am just returned to the place where we landed ten years ago, it is well I should come to the end of my story. I trust that the Lord may be as good to you as He has been to us children of Plymouth during all these years of hardships and sorrows.

The End

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